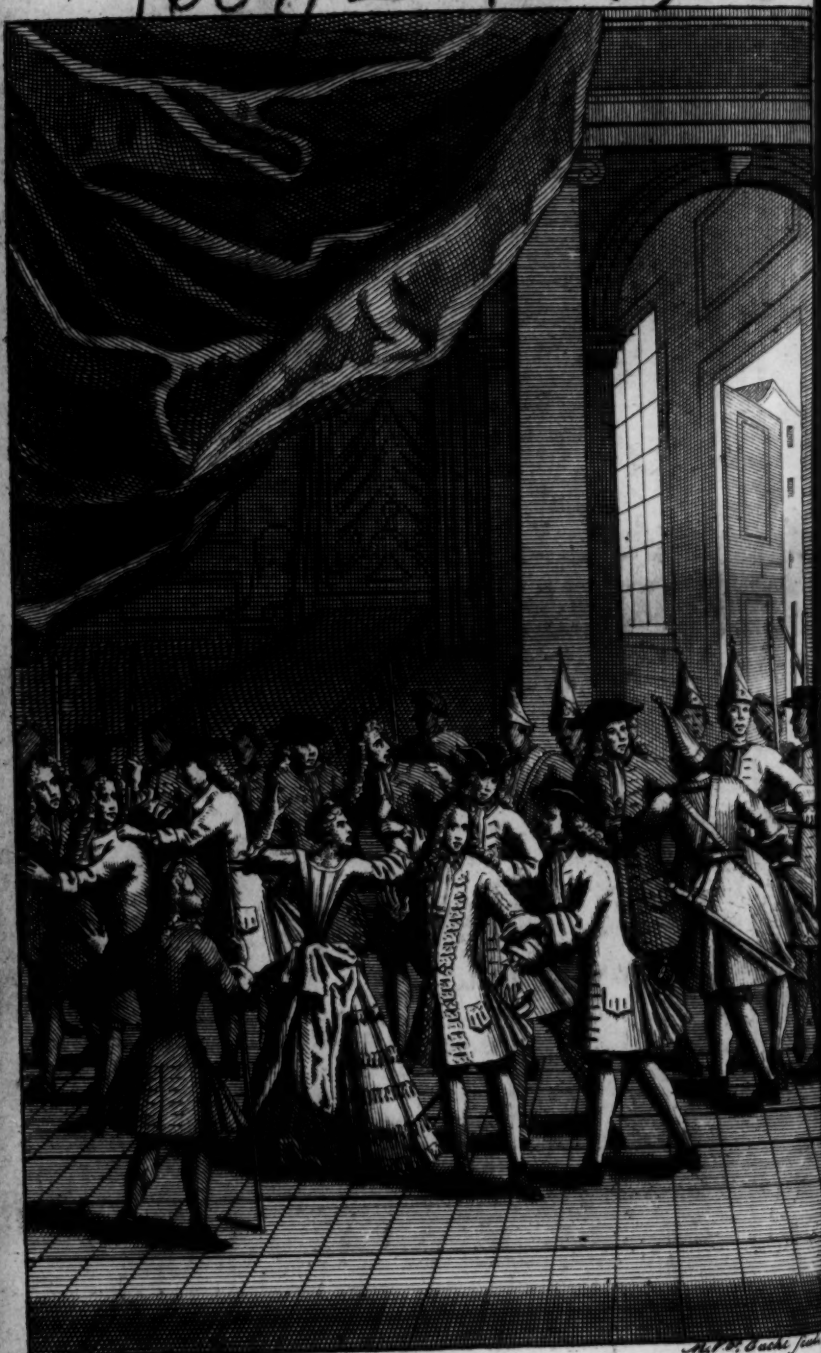


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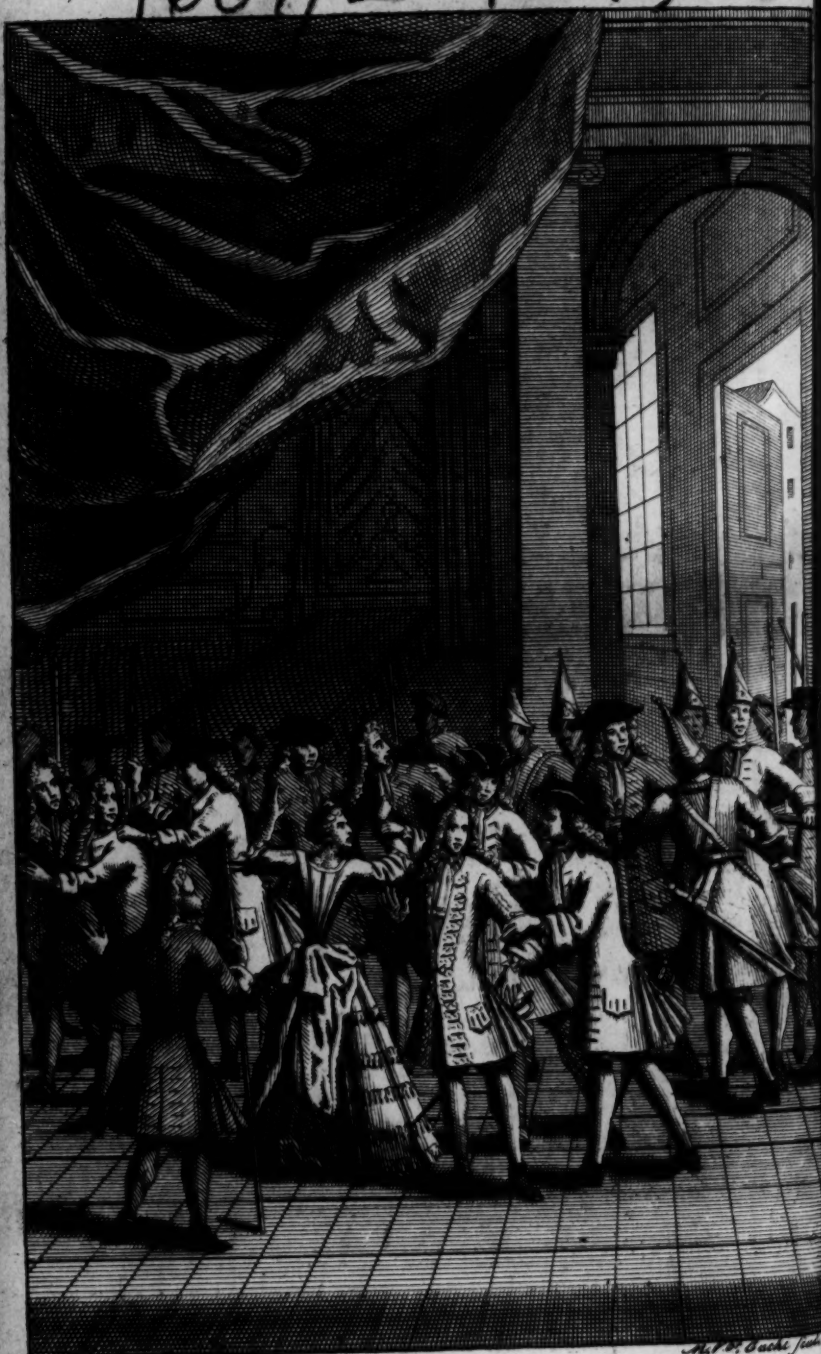


P. L. Verone del.

Mr. D. S. Sacke / Cash

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P. L. Verone del.

Mr. D. S. Sacke / Cash

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W.
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T H E

Squire of Alfatia.

A

COMEDY.

As it is ACTED by Their

MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

Written by

THOMAS SHADWELL, Esq.
late Poet-Laureat, and Historiographer
Royal.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. J. and P. KNAPTON; and Sold by
W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, over-against St. Clement's
Church.

MDCCLXXXV.

Spence of Affairs

CO. V. R. D. 7.

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To the Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, &c.

My Lord,

Having had the Honour to have liv'd so many Years in your Lordship's Favour, and to have been always exceedingly oblig'd by your Lordship, ought to be glad of any Opportunity publishing my Gratitude. And the offering this Comedy to your Lordship may not perhaps be thought an improper Occasion of doing so; for the first Act of it was witten at Copt-Hall; and your Lordship's Approbation of it (whose Wit and Judgment have ever been unquestion'd) encourag'd and inspir'd me to go on: When I had finish'd it, which was in a Months Time, Your Lordship, upon the Perusal of the Whole, was pleas'd to say, that you thought a true and diverting Comedy.

This, I must confess, made me hope for Success upon the Stage, which is met with; but so great, as was above my Expectation in this Age which has run mad after Farces) no Comedy, for these many Years, having fill'd the Theatre so long together: And had the great Honour to find so many Friends, that the House was never so full since it was built, as upon the third Day of this Play; and vast Numbers went away, that could not be admitted.

This extraordinary Success the more emboldens me to lay the Play at your Lordship's Feet; in whose Service, I should be glad to employ my whole Life.

I shall not, according to the Custom of Dedications, make a long Panegyrick to Your Lordship, 'tis superfluous and impertinent, to praise him whom all Men speak well of, and of whom I never heard any Man speak ill: Your Lordship is the Favourite of Mankind; and You deserve to be so, for You are ever obliging, and making out Occasions of doing good, and exerting Your Charity and Generosity, in which You never lose a Day.

I must acknowledge my self infinitely oblig'd to Your Lordship every Way; but particularly, that I have the Freedom of being receiv'd as one of Your Family at Copt-hall; where not only the excellence of the Air, and regularity of Living contribute to my Health, but I have the Honour of enjoying the Conversation which all the World I would chuse.

It is to me, and it must needs be to all who wish Your Lordship well, an extraordinary Satisfaction to observe that You have laid certain a Foundation of solid Happiness, for all the remaining part of Your Life; in retiring from all the unsatisfying Pleasures, and noisy Troubles of the Town, to so sweet a Place, with so adorable a Lady, who in Beauty is exceeded by none, and has all the Qualities of Mind besides, which serve to make an Excellent Mother, an extraordinary Governess of a Family, and an incomparable Wife; whose Fruitfulness is like to bless Your Lordship with a numerous, Noble and Numerous Issue. And may your Lordship and She long enjoy one another, and all the Blessings You yourselves can imagine or desire. I am, My Lord,

Your Lordship's Most Humble Servant, THO. SHADWELL

PROLOGUE

To the Squire of Alsatia. Spoken by Mr. Mountf

HOW have we in the Space of one poor Age,
Beheld the Rise and Downfal of the Stage?
When with our King restor'd, it first arose,
They did each day some good old Play expose;
And then it flourish'd; Till, with Manna tir'd,
For wholesome Food ye nauseous Trash desir'd.
Then rose the whiffing Scribblers of those days,
Who since have liv'd to bury all their Plays;
And had their Issue full as numerous been
As Priam's, they the Fate of all had seen.
With what prodigious scarcity of Wit
Did the new Authors starve the hungry Pit?
Infected by the French, you must have Rhime,
Which long to please the Ladies ears, did chime.
Soon after this came Ranting Fustian in,
And none but Plays upon the Fret were seen;
Such roaring Bombast Stuff, which Fops would praise,
Tore our best Actors Lungs, cut short their days.
Some in small time did this Distemper kill,
And had the Savage Authors gone on still,
Fustian had been a new Disease i'th' Bill.
When Time, which all Things tries, had laid Rhime dead,
The vile Usurper Farce reign'd in its stead.
Then came Machines, brought from a Neighbour Nation,
Oh how we suffer'd under Decoration!
If all this Stuff has not quite spoil'd your taste,
Pray let a Comedy once more be grac'd.
Which does not Monsters represent but Men,
Conforming to the Rules of Master Ben.
Our Author, ever having him in view,
At humble distance would his steps pursue.
He to correct, and to inform did write:
If Poets aim at nought but to delight,
Fidlers have to the Bays an equal right.
Our Poet found your gentle Fathers kind,
And now some of his Works your Favour find.
He'll treat you still with somewhat that is new,
But whether good or bad he leaves to you.
Baudy the nicest Ladies need not fear,
The quickest Fancy shall extract none here.
We will not make 'em blush, by which is shown
How much their bought Read differs from their own.
No Fop, no Beau shall just exceptions make,
None but abandon'd Knaves offence shall take;
Such Knaves as he industriously offends,
And should be very loth to have his Friends.
For you wld bring good humour to the Play,
We'll do our best to make you laugh to day.

Drama

Mr. Will

Mr. Eduw

Mr. Belfon

Mr. Belfon

Mr. Trun
Mr. Bo
Chea
Mr. San

Sham
Mr. Pou

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir William Belfond. A Gentleman of above 3000*l.* *per annum*,
Mr. Leigh. who in his Youth had been a Spark of the
 Town; but married and retired into the
 Country, where he turn'd to the other
 Extream, rigid, morose, most sordidly
 covetous, clownish, obstinate, positive
 and froward.

Sir Edward Belfond, His Brother, a Merchant, who by lucky Hits,
Mr. Griffin. had gotten a great Estate, lives single with
 Ease and Pleasure, reasonably and virtu-
 ously. A Man of great Humanity and
 Gentleness and Compassion towards Man-
 kind; well read in good Books, possessed
 with all Gentleman-like Qualities.

Belfond Senior. Eldest Son to *Sir William*, bred after his Fa-
Mr. Jevon. ther's rustick, swinish Manner, with great
 Rigour and Severity; upon whom his Fa-
 ther's Estate is entailed; the Confidence of
 which makes him break out into open Re-
 bellion to his Father, and become leud,
 abominably vicious, stubborn and obstinate.

Belfond Junior. Second Son to *Sir William*, adopted by *Sir*
Mr. Mountford. *Edward*, and bred from his Childhood by
 him, with all the Tenderness, and Famili-
 arity, and Bounty, and Liberty that can
 be; instructed in all the liberal Sciences,
 and in all Gentleman-like Education:
 Somewhat given to Women, and now
 and then to good Fellowship; but
 an ingenious, well-accomplish'd Gentle-
 man; a Man of Honour and of excellent
 Disposition and Temper.

Truman. His Friend, a Man of Honour and Fortune.

Mr. Bowman.

Cheatly.

Mr. Samford.

A Rascal, who by reason of Debts dares not
 stir out of *White-Fryers*, but there in-
 veigles young Heirs in Tail; and helps
 'em to Goods and Money upon great Dis-
 advantages; is bound for them, and shares
 with them, till he undoes them. A leud,
 impudent, debauch'd fellow, very expert
 in the *Cant* about the Town.

Shamawell.

Cousin to the *Belfonds*, an Heir, who bring
 ruin'd by *Cheatly*, is made a Decoy-Duck

Mr. Powel, Jun.

for others; not daring to stir out of *Alsatia* where he lives; is bound with *Cheatly* to his Heirs, and lives upon them, a dissolute debauch'd Life.

Captain Hackum. A Block-headed Bully of *Alsatia*; a cowardly impudent, blustering Fellow; formerly a Serjeant in *Flanders*, run from his Colours, retreating into *White-Fryers* for a very small Debt; where, by the *Alsatians* he is dubb'd a Captain; marries one that lets Lodgings, sells Cherry-Brandy and is a Bawd.

**Scrapeall,
Mr. Freeman.** A hypocritical, repeating, praying, Psalm singing, precise Fellow, pretending to great Piety, a godly Knave, who joins with *Cheatly*, and supplies young Heirs with Goods and Money.

Attorney. To Sir *William Belfond*, who solicits his Business, and receives all his Packets.

**Mr. Powel Sen.
Lolpoop.** A North Country Fellow, Servant to *Belfond Senior*, much displeas'd at his Master's Proceedings.

Mr. Underhill. A Sharper, Brother to Mrs. *Termagant*.

**Termagant,
Mr. Alexander.
La Mar.
Parson** French Valet de Chambre.
An Indebted *Alsatian* Divine.

Teresa. Daughter to *Scrapeall*, in love with, and beloved by *Truman*.

**Mrs. Knight.
Isabella.** His Niece, in love with, and beloved by *Belfond Junior*.

**Mrs. Mountford.
Lucia.** The Attorneys Daughter, a young beautiful Girl, of a mild and tender Disposition; debauch'd by *Belfond Junior*.

Mrs. Bracegirdle. A Neglected Mistress of *Belfond Junior*, by whom he has had a Child: A furious malicious, and revengeful Woman; perpetually plaguing him, and crossing him in all his Designs; pursuing him continually with her Malice, even to the attempting of his Life.

Mrs. Termagant. A Neglected Mistress of *Belfond Junior*, by whom he has had a Child: A furious malicious, and revengeful Woman; perpetually plaguing him, and crossing him in all his Designs; pursuing him continually with her Malice, even to the attempting of his Life.

Mrs. Bogutell. A Neglected Mistress of *Belfond Junior*, by whom he has had a Child: A furious malicious, and revengeful Woman; perpetually plaguing him, and crossing him in all his Designs; pursuing him continually with her Malice, even to the attempting of his Life.

Mrs. Hackum. Wife to Captain *Hackum*.

Mrs. Betty. Lolpoop's Whore.

Mrs. Margaret. His Master's Whore.

Fidlers, Constables, Tipstaff, Watch, Sergeant, &c. Musketeers, Rabble, &c.

The Squire of *Alsatia*.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

Enter Belfond Senior, meeting Shamwell.

Sen. Cousin *Shamwell* well met; Good morrow to you.

Sham. Cousin *Belfond*, your humble Servant: What makes you Abroad so early? 'Tis

much past seven.

Belf. Sen. You know we were Bowfy last Night: I am a little hot-headed this Morning; and come to take the fresh Air in the Temple-walks.

Sham. Well: And what do you think of our Way of living? Is not rich generous Wine better than your poor Hedge-stum'd, or dull *March-Beer*? Are not delicate well-bred, well-dress'd Women better than Dairy-Maids, Tennants Daughters, or Barefoot Strumpets? Streets full of fine Coaches, better than a Yard full of Dung-Carts? a Magnificent Tavern, than a Thatcht Ale-house? Or the Society of brave honest, witty, merry Fellows, than the Conversation of unthinking Hunting, working Block-heads, or High-shoo'd Peasants and their wiser

Belf. Sen. O yes, a world adad. Ne're stir, I could never have thought there had been such a gallant Place as *London*: Here I be drunk over Night, and well next Morning: Can ride in Coach for a Shilling as good as a Deputy Lieutenant; and merry Waggs, and ingenious Companions— Well, I vow I swear, I am mightily beholding to you, dear Cousin *Sham*. Then for the Women! Mercy upon us, so civil and well. And I'll swear upon a Bible, finer all of them than eight Baronets Wives with us.

Sham. And so kind and pleasant!

Belf. Sen. Ay, I vow pretty Rogues! No pride in them in

The Squire of ALSATIA.

the World; but so courteous and familiar, as I am an honest Man, they'll do whatever one would have 'em presently; sweet Rogues: While in the Country, a pious take 'em, then such a stir with pish, fy, nay Mr. *Timothy*, what do you do now I'll squeak, never stir I'll call out, ah hah—

Sham. And if one of 'em happen to be with Child; there's sure an uproar in the Country, as if the Hundred were su'd for Robbery!

Belf. Sen. Ay, so there is: And I am in that fear of my Father besides adad, he'd knock me i'th' Head, if he should hear of such a thing: To say Truth, he's so terrible to me I can never enter my self for him: Lord! What will he say when he comes to know I am at *London*? Which he in all his life-time would never suffer me to see, for fear I should be debauch'd forsooth. And allows me little or no Money at Home neither.

Sham. What matter what he says? Is not every Foot of the Estate entail'd upon you?

Belf. Sen. Well, I'll endure't no longer! If I can but raise Money; I'll teach him to use his Son like a Dog; I'll warrant him.

Sham. You can ne'er want that: Take up on the Revolution. 'Tis a lusty one; and *Cheatly* will help you to the Ready. And thou shalt shine and be as gay as any *Spruce Prigg* that ever walk'd the Street.

Belf. Sen. Well: adad, you are pleasant Men: And he has the neatest Sayings with you: *Ready*, and *Spruce Prigg*, and abundance of the prettiest witty Words.—But sure that *Cheatly* is as fine a Gentleman as any wears a Head: And as courteous; ne'er stir, I believe he would run down the best Scholar in *Oxford*, and put 'em in a Mouse-hole with his Wit.

Sham. In *Oxford*! Ay, and in *London* too.

Belf. Sen. Goodlookers Cozen! I always thought they had been wittiest in the Universities.

Sham. O fy Cousin: A Company of *Putts*! meer *Putts*!

Belf. Sen. *Putts*, meer *Putts*: very good I'll swear, ha ha.

Sham. They are all Schollar Boys, and nothing else, as long as they live there: And yet they are as confident as if they knew every thing, when they understand no more beyond *Magdalen-Bridge* than meer *Indians*. But *Cheatly* is a different fellow: I'll speak a bold Word, He shall cut a *Sham* or *Banter* with the best Wit or Poet of 'em all.

Belf. Sen. Good agen! Cut a *Sham* or *Banter*! I shall remember all these quaint Words in time: But Mr. *Cheatly* a Prodigy, that's certain.

Sham. He is so; and a worthy brave fellow, and the best Friend where he takes, and the most sincere of any Man breathing.

Belf. Sen. Nay, I must needs say, I have found him very
 frank, and very much a Gentleman, and am most extremely
 oblig'd to him and you for your great Kindness.

Sham. This Morning your Cloaths and Liveries will come
 home, and thou shalt appear rich and splendid like thy self,
 and the *Mobile* shall worship thee.

Belf. Sen. The *Mobile* ! That's pretty. Enter Cheatly.

Meet Mr. *Cheatly*, my best Friend, let me embrace thee.

Cheat. My sprightly Son of Timber and of Acres : My noble
 Sir I salute thee : The *Cole* is coming, and shall be brought in
 this Morning.

Belf. Sen. *Cole* ? Why 'tis Summer, I need no firing now.
 Besides I intend to burn Billets.

Cheat. My lusty *Rustick*, learn and be instructed. *Cole* is in
 the Language of the Witty, Money. The *Ready*, the *Rhino* ;
 thou shalt be *Rhinocercical*, my Lad, thou shalt.

Belf. Sen. Admirable I swear ! *Cole* ! *Ready* ! *Rhino* ! *Rhino*-
cercical ! Lord, how long may a Man live in Ignorance in the
 country.

Sham. Ay : But what Asses you'll make of the Country Gen-
 tlemen when you go amongst them. 'Tis a Providence you are
 in into so good Hands.

Belf. Sen. 'Tis a Mercy indeed. How much *Cole*, *Ready*, and
Rhino, shall I have ?

Cheat. Enough to set thee up to spark it in thy Brother's Face :
 and e'er thou shalt want the *Ready*, the *Darby*, Thou shalt
 make thy fruitful Acres in Reversion to fly, and all thy sturdy
 icks to bend like Switches ! But thou must squeeze my Lad :
 squeeze hard, and Seal my *Bully*. *Shamwell* and I are to be
 sound with thee.

Belf. Sen. I am mightily beholding to you both, I vow and
 swear ; my Uncle Sir *Edward* took my Brother when he was a
 child, and Adopted him : Would it had been my Lot.

Sham. He is a noble Gentleman, and maintains him in Coach
 and Equipage fit for him.

Cheat. Thou shalt not see the *Prigg* thy Brother till thou
 shalt out-jingle him in *Ready*, out-shine him in thy Ornaments
 Body, out-spark him in thy Coach and Liveries ; and shalt
 go *Equipt*, that thou shalt dazzle the whole Town with thy
 glorious Splendor.

Belf. Sen. I vow his Tongue is rarely hung !

Cheat. Thy Brother's Heart will break with Envy at thy Gal-
 lery : The Fops and Beaus shall be astonisht at thy Brightness.
 That Ogling there will be between thee and the *Blowings* : Old
 King at thy *Equipage*. And every *Buttock* shall fall down
 before thee.

Belf

Belf. Sen. Ha, ha, ha! I vow you are the pleasant'st Man ever met with, and I'll swear the best Friend I ever had in Life; that I must needs say. I was resolv'd not to let my Brother see me till I was in Circumstances dee fee: And for my Brother he's in *Holland*. My Mother's Brother dy'd and left sole Executor. He'll not be here these six Weeks.

Sham. Well, when you see your Brother he'll envy you, rail at those who made you flourish so. We shall be cast off.

Belf. Sen. Gudfookers Cousin! I take it very unkindly that should say so. I'll cast off all the Relations in the World but I'll part with such true, such loving Friends, adad.

Enter Captain Hackum.

O noble Captain *Hackum*, your Servant; Servant Captain.

Hack. Your humble *Trout*, good noble Squire, you were brave and bowzy last Night; i'faith you were.

Belf. Sen. Yes really, I was *Clear*: For I do not remember what I did, or where I was: *Clear, Clear*; is not that right?

Sham. Ay, ay! Why, you broke Windows: *scour'd*, broke open a House in *Dorset Court*, and took a pretty Wench Gentleman's *Natural*, away by force.

Cheat. Very true: And this Magnanimous Spark, this Thunderbolt of War, Captain *Hackum*, laid about him like a Hero, as did some other of your Friends, or else the Watch would have maul'd us: But we made them *scoure*.

Belf. Sen. Nay o' my Conscience, the Captain's mighty valiant; there's Terror in that Countenance and Whiskers: He is a very *Scanderberg* incarnate. And now you put me in mind, I recollect somewhat of this matter: My Shoulders are plag sore, and my Arms black and blue; but where's the Wench the *Natural*, ha Captain?

Hack. Ah Squire, I led her off. I have her safe for you.

Belf. Sen. But does not the Gallant thunder and roar for her?

Hack. The Scoundrel dares not: He knows me, who never knew fear in my Life; For my Part, I love Magnanimity and Honour, and those things; And fighting is one of my Recreations.

*He that wears a brave Soul, and dares honestly do,
Is a Herald to himself and a Godfather too.*

Belf. Sen. O brave Captain.

Cheat. The *Prigster* lugg'd out in Defence of his *Natural*, the Captain whipt his *Porker* out, and away rubb'd *Prigster* and call'd the Watch.

Belf. Sen. *Prigster* lugg'd out, *Natural*, *Porker*, rubb'd, admirable! This is very ingenious Conversation: You are the purest Company; Who would not keep Company with the Wits; For the Country I say.

Hack. But Squire, I had damn'd ill Luck afterwards : I went to the Gaming Ordinary, and lost all my *Ready* ; they left not a *Rag* or *Sock* : Pox o' the *Tatts* for me : I believe they the *Doctor* upon me.

Belf. Sen. *Tatts* and *Doctor* ! What's that ?

Sham. The Tools of *Sharps*, false Dice.

Hack. Hark you, prithee Noble Squire, *Equip* me with a couple of *Meggs*, or two Couple of *Smelts*.

Belf. Sen. *Smelts* ! What shall we bespeak another Dish of for our Dinner ?

Sham. No, no, *Meggs* are Guineas, *Smelts* are Half Guineas : we would borrow a Couple of Guineas.

Belf. Sen. *Meggs*, *Smelts* ! Ha, ha, ha. Very pretty by my oath. And so thou shalt, Dear Captain : There are two *Meggs* ; and I vow and swear I am glad I have 'em to pleasure you, adad I am.

Hack. You are so honest a Gentleman, Quarrel every Day and I'll be your Second ; once a Day at least : And I'll say this to you, There's not a finer Gentleman this Day walks the streets ; no dispraise to any Man, let him be what he will.

Belf. Sen. Adad you make me proud, Sir. *Enter Lolpoop.*
Lolpoop, where have you been all this Morning, Sirrah ?

Lolpoop. Why 'tis but rear marry, 'tis meet a bit past Eight : My Lady, yeow were so fow drunken last neeght, I had thoughten yeow wouden ha leen a Bed aw the Morn : Well, mine eyne ake a gazing up and down on aw the fine Sights ; for aw that send me *North* to my own *Caunty* again.

Belf. Sen. Oh silly Rogue : You are only fit for Cattle. Gentlemen, you must excuse him, he knows no better.

Lolp. Marry, better quoth a ! By th' Mefs, this is a Life for the Deel : To be drunken each Night, breake Windows, Roar, sing and Swear i'th' Streets ; go to Loggerheads with the Constable and Watch, han Harlots in Gold and Silver Lace : Hea'n we see us, and send me a whome again.

Belf. Sen. Peace, you sawcy Scoundrel, or I'll Cudgel you
Pap. Sirrah do not provoke me, I say do not.

Lolp. Ods flesh, where's Money for aw this ? Yeowst be runn't soon and you takken this Caurse, Ise tell a that.

Belf. Sen. Take that, Sirrah : I'll teach you to mutter : What Man become my Master ?

Lolp. Waunds ! give me ten times more and send me whome you want at after. What will awd Maaster say to this ? I mun ne'r see the Face of him I wor.

Sham. Hang him Rogue. Toss him in a Blanket.

Cheat. Let me talk with him a little. Come on Fellow.

Lolp. Talk ! Well, what sen ye ?

Cheatly

Cheatly bantering. Your Master being in this Matter, to de-
port his Count'nance somewhat obliquely, to some Principle
which others but out of a mature Gravity may have weigh'd
and think too heavy to be undertaken; what does it avail
you shall precipitate or plunge your self into Affairs, as unsuit-
able to your Physnomy as they are to your Complexion.

Lolp. Hah, what sen you? yeow mistaken me: I am no
Book-learn'd: I understand a not.

Cheat. No, 'tis the strangest thing! Why, put the Case, you
are inbeted to me 20 l. upon a *Scire facias*: I extend this up to
an Outlawry, upon Affidavit upon the *Nisi prius*: I plead to all
this Matter, *Non est inventus* upon the Pannel; what is to be
done more in this Case, as it lies before the Bench, but to award
out Execution upon the *Posse Comitatus*, who are presently to
issue out a *Certiorari*.

Lolp. I understand a little of Sizes, Nisi prizes, Affidavi, Su-
furari! but by the Mafs I cannot tell what to mack of aw the
together not I.

Belf. Sen. Ha, ha. Puppy! Owl! Loggerhead! O fill
Country Put! Here's a *Prigg* indeed: He'll ne'er find out what
'tis to *Cut a Sham* or *Banter*: Well, I swear Sir you do it the
best of any Man in the World.

Cheat. No, no, I swear not I.

Belf. Sen. I protest Sir, you do it Incomparably.

Cheat. Nay, now you Complement: Faith you make me blu-

Lolp. *Sham* and *Banter* are Heathen Greek to me: But yeow
have cut out fine wark for your sel last Neeght: I went to see
the Hause yeow had Brocken, aw the Windows are pock-
dawne. I askt what was the Matter, and by th' Mafs they
haw learnt your Name too; they saiden Squire *Belfond* had
done it, and ravish'd a Wench: and that they hadden gotten
the Lord Chief Justice Warren for you, and wooden bring
pawr of Actions against yeow.

Belf. Sen. Is this true?

Lolp. Ay, by the Mafs.

Cheat. No matter; we'll bring you off with a wet Finger
trust me for that.

Belf. Sen. Dear Friend, I rely upon you for every thing.

Sham. We value not twenty such Things of a Rush.

Hack. If any of their Officers dare invade our Priviledge
we'll send 'em to Hell without *Bail* or *Mainprize*.

Lolp. But I can tell a wor News than aw this; I ne'er saw
Flesh alive, and I saw not your Father's Man *Roger* come out
o'th *Temple-gate* een now. Your Father's in Town that certain

Belf. Sen. How! my Father say you? 'Tis impossible.

Cheat.

Cheat. Courage my Heir in Tail : Thy Father's a poor sneaking Tennant for Life ; thou shalt live better than he can : And if we do contract a Debt upon thy dirty Acres in the North, I have design'd for you a fine young Lady with a swinging Fortune to redeem all ; And 'tis impossible my Lad to miss her.

Belf. Sen. Sir, let me embrace you, and love you : Never Man embrac'd a better Friend ! *Amicus Certus in re incerta certatur*, as the saying is.

Lolp. Sir, Sir, let me speak one Word with you ; Ods-flesh, I'll dye the Death of a Dog, and aw these yeow seen here, be not Rogues, Cheats and Pick-pockets.

Belf. Sen. Peace you Rascal ; Adad I would not have any of'em hear for five hundred pounds ; you were a dead Man.

Lolp. What is the Reason they dare not stir out of this privileged'd Place, but on Sabbath-Days ?

Belf. Sen. You Blockhead, Mr. *Cheatly* had an Alderman's young Wife run away with him, is sued for't, and is in fear of a substantial Jury of City Cuckolds. *Shamwell's* unnatural Father lays wait for him, to apprehend him and run him into the Country. The Brave and Valiant Gentleman, Captain *Hackum*, who is as stout as a Lyon, beat a Judges Son r'other Day. And now your Questions are fully answer'd, you *Put* you.

Cheat. Honest *Shamwell*, thou art a rare fellow : Thy Cozen here, is the wealthiest *Caravan* we have met with a long time ; the hopefullest *Sealer* that ever yet toucht Wax among us : But we must take off that evil Counsellor of His.

Sham. I warrant you. *Enter Taylor with a Bundle, a Perriwig-maker, Hatter, Shoe-maker.*
Oh Cozen, here's your *Perriwig-maker, Hatter, Shoe-maker.*
Taylor, with your Clothes and Liveries, Hatter, Shoe-maker, Perriwig-maker.

Cheat. All your moveables together ; go into your Lodging and fit them : your new Footmen, and your *French Valet de Chambre* are there, I'll wait on you there presently.

Lolp. Odsflesh, here's whaint wark ; By'r Lady this is fine whaw, whaw !

Belf. Sen. Get you in, you Rogue : An you mutter one Word more, adad I'll mince you, Sirrah : Well, go in all of you. Gentlemen, I shall see you presently. *Exit.*

Cheat. Immediately : Let us hugg our selves, my dear Rascal, in this Adventure, you have done very well to engage him last Night in an Outrage ; and we must take care to put him upon all the Expence we can : We must reduce him to have as much need of us as possible.

Sham. Thou art i'th' right : But Captain, where's the Convenient, the *Natural* ?

Hack.

Hack. Why at my House: my Wife has wrought her into a good Humour: She is very pretty; and is now pleas'd to think the Squire will be a better Keeper than her former; for he was but a *Sharper*, a *Tatmonger*, and when he wanted Money would kick and beat her most immoderately.

Sham. Well: I'll say that for the Captain's Wife, she's a good and able discreet Woman to carry on an Intrigue, as e'er a Woman in the *Fryers*! Nay better.

Hack. Your Servant good Mr. *Shamwell*; she's a very good Woman, thanks be to Heaven, I have great Comfort in her. She has a Cup of the best Cherry-Brandy in the *Fryers*.

Sham. aside. And commonly a good Whore to boot: But prithee Captain, go home and let her and the young Girl prepare to dine with us; we must have a great Dinner and Fiddlers at the *George*, to season the Squire in his new Equipage.

Hack. Well, well, it shall be done.

Sham. You'll find this Fellow a necessary Tool in Consequence with his Wife, who is indeed, a Bawd of Parts: He is a good Russian enough: For tho' he be not stout, he's impudent, and will roar and keep a filthy pother, which is enough to make Fools believe he's stout.

Cheat. Let him, and the small Fry pick up the Squires loaves. While we share in the lusty Sums.

Enter Scrapeall.

Oh here comes Mr. *Scrapeall* with all his Zeal; our godly Accomplice in all Designs; leave him to me.

Ex. Sham. Oh Mr. *Scrapeall*! Have you brought the Money for the Squire?

Scrap. I come to tell you, that my Man approacheth with the Money and the Goods for your Squire.

Cheat. I hope you have not burden'd him with too many Goods at first?

Scrap. No: But a fourth Part: 'Tis true the Goods are somewhat stale, but I will take them off at small under Rates: You know I am not seen in furnishing of the Goods and Money, but only in the buying of the Goods. My Lawyer accompanied my Man to testify the Writings.

Cheat. 'Tis as it should be: He is a fat Squire; the Estate in Tail is full 3000*l.* a Year. He will yield well.

Scrap. aside. This Squire is to take to Wife a Niece I have in Charge: His Father is to give me 5000*l.* out of her Fortune and the Squire's Lewdness and Prodigality will soon let me deep into his Reversion. Besides his lighting into these Hands will make his Father, when he finds it, hasten to agree with me for his Redemption; I like the Business well. I am going to the Man you call *Crump*, who helpeth Solicitors to Affidavit-men, and Swearers, and Bail.

Cheat.

The Squire of ALSATIA.

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Cheat. His Office is next Door; his Wardrobe for Bail and Witnesses. Here he comes; let's meet him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir William Beliond, and an Attorney.

Sir Will. Sure I should know the Face of that Fellow, that's going there into *White-Fryers*.

Att. 'Tis a most notorious One; you have seen him often; 'tis that most audacious Rogue, *Cheatly*; who has drawn in so many young Heirs, and undone so many *Sealers*: He is a *Bolter* of *White-Fryers*.

Sir Will. It is that Villain!

Att. I am very glad Sir, you have dispatcht your Business so soon in *Holland*.

Sir Will. I had great Success, and finished all six Weeks at least ere I expected; and had time to come by the Way of *Flanders*, and see that Country which I desired: And from *Newport* I came to *Dover*; and riding Post from thence, I took a Boat at *Southwark*, and landed just now here at the *Temple*: But I am troubled you had sent my Packet to *Holland* ere I came.

Att. I receiv'd none from you of late: No Packet has arriv'd this Fortnight from *Holland*.

Sir Will. Have you heard no News from my Son, nor my Steward in the Country?

Att. None these ten or twelve Days.

Sir Will. That Son is all the Joy of my Life; for him I hurry up and down, take Pains, spare and live hard to raise his Fortune.

Att. Indeed, I hear he's a fine Gentleman, and understands his Country Affairs as well as e'er a Farmer of them all.

Sir Will. I must confess he proves after my own Heart: He's a solid young Man, a dutiful Child as ever Man had, and I think I have done well for him, in providing him a Wife with such a Fortune, which he yet knows nothing of. But will not this godly Man, this Mr. *Scrapeall*, take a Farthing less say you for his Niece?

Att. Not a Sowce: I have higgled with him as if I were to buy of a Horse-courser, and he will not take a farthing less than 5000*l.* for his Niece.

Sir Will. He's a strange Mixture, a perpetual Sermon-hunter; repeats and sings Psalms continually, and prays so loud and vehemently, that he is a Disturbance to his Neighbours; he is so Heavenward pious, and seems a very Saint of a Scrivener.

Att. He finds the sweet of that, it gets him many a good Trust and Executorship.

Sir Will. Pox on him for a damn'd godly Knave, forsooth, cannot he be contented to sell her, whom his own Brother committed to his Charge; but he must extort so much for her?

The Squire of ALSATIA.

Well, I must agree with him : I know she has full 20000*l.* left her ; and has been brought up as strictly as my Son : Get Writings ready : I'll send Post for my Son *Timothy* this Day.

Att. They are ready ; you may seal in the Afternoon if you please.

Sir Will. And I will then. I'll detain you no longer : Get my Writings ready : I am resolv'd to settle my other Boy well, but my Town Son afflicts me when e'er I hear him nam'd.

Att. Your humble Servant *Sir Will. Belfond.*

Ex. Att.

Enter Servant to Sir William.

Serv. Sir, I have been at your Brother's House, and they say he is come to some Lawyer's Chamber in the *King's Bench Buildings*.

Sir Will. That's lucky enough : I'll walk here then, and do you watch.

Enter Hackum, and another Bully.

Who are these? Some Inhabitants of *White-Fryers* ; some *Brilliant* of *Alsatia*.

Hack. I was plaguy *Bowfy* last Night with Squire *Belfond* : We had Fiddles, Whores, *Scour'd*, broke Windows, beat Watches, and roar'd like Thunder.

Bully. Ay, I hear'd you.

Sir Will. What says he?

Aside.

Hack. He Drinks, Whores, Swears, Sings, Roars, Rants and Scours with the best of us.

Sir Will. Sir, with your Favour, are you acquainted with young *Belfond*?

Hack. Yes that I am. What Country *Putt's* this?

Aside.

Sir Will. What Country Man is he, Sir?

Hack. Prithee, old *Prigster*, why do'st ask? He is a Northern Man : He has a damn'd Rustick, miserable Rascal to his Father, who lives a nasty brutal Life in the Country, like a Swine : But the Squire will be even with him I warrant him.

Sir Will. I have something to say to him, if I could see him.

Hack. You, you old *Prigg*, you damn'd Country *Putt* : You have somewhat to say to him ! I am ready to give you Satisfaction : *Lugg out* ; come you *Putt* : I'll make you *Scamper*.

Sir Will. D'ye hear *Bully Rascal*, put up and walk your Way, or by Heaven I'll beat you as long as you are able to be beaten.

Bully. I'll stand by you : You may easily beat this old Fellow.

Hack. No Man e're gave me such Words, but forfeited his Life ; I could whip thee through the Lungs immediately : But I'll desist at present. Who the Devil would have thought this *Putt* durst have drawn a Sword? Well Sir, we shall take a Time Sir, another Time Sir.

Sir Will. You lye, you Rascal ; you will take no Time.

Here's a fine Companion of my Sons !

Exit Bully.

Enter

Enter Sir Edward Belfond.

Sir Edw. Who's this I see? my Brother! Sir William Belfond! our humble Servant. You are welcome into England. I look'd for you these six Weeks.

Sir Will. I landed at the Temple-stairs even now: My Man has been at your House, and he heard there you were here.

Sir Edw. I hope you have done your Business.

Sir Will. Beyond my Expectation.

Sir Edw. Has your Wife's Brother done by you in his Will, as you would have had him.

Sir Will. Truly yes: He has made me sole Executor, and left my two Sons 5000*l.* a piece, to be paid at each of their Days of Marriage, or at my Death.

Sir Edw. Well Brother, you are a happy Man; for Wealth flows in upon you on every Side, and Riches you Account the greatest Happiness.

Sir Will. I find that Wealth alone will not make happy. Ah Brother, I must confess it was a Kindness in you, when Heaven had blest you with a great Estate by Merchandize, to adopt my younger Son, and take him and breed him from his Childhood: but you have been so gentle to him, he is run into all Manner of Vice and Riot; no Bounds can hold him; no Shame can stop him; no Laws nor Customs can restrain him.

Sir Edw. I am confident you are mistaken: He has as fair a Reputation as any Gentleman about London: 'Tis true, he's a good fellow, but no Sot; he loves Mirth and Society, without Drunkenness: He is, as all young Fellows I believe are, given to Women; but 'tis in private; and he is particular: No common Whore-master: and in short, keeps as good Company as any Man in England.

Sir Will. Your over-weening makes you look through a false Glass upon him. Company! Why he keeps Company for the Devil: Had you come a Minute sooner, you might have seen two of his Companions; they were praising him for Roaring, swearing, Ranting, Scouring, Whoring, beating Watches, breaking Windows: I but ask'd one of 'em if he knew him, and he said I had somewhat to say to him; the Rogue, the most seeming terrible of the two, told me, if I had any thing to say to Squire Belfond, he would give me Satisfaction.

Sir Edw. What Kind of Fellow?

Sir Will. He came out of White-Fryers. He's some Alsatian fellow.

Sir Edw. 'Tis impossible; he never keeps such Company.

Sir Will. The Rogue drew upon me: bid me Lugg out, call'd Old Prigg, Country Putt; and spoke a particular Language which such Rogues have made to themselves, call'd Canting, as

Beggars, Gipsies, Thieves and Goal-Birds do : But I made Bullies go away very tamely at the Sight of my drawn Sword.

Sir Edw. I am sure he keeps no such Company : It must be some other of his Name.

Sir Will. You make me mad to excuse him thus : The Town rings of him ; You have ruin'd him by your Indulgence : Beside he throws away Money like Dirt ; his Infamy is notorious.

Sir Edw. Infamy : Nay, there you wrong him ; he does no ungentleman-like Things : Prithee consider Youth a little : What if he does Wench a little ; and now and then is somewhat extravagant in Wine ? Where's the great Crime ? All young Fellows that have Mettle in 'em will do the first ; and if they have Wit and good Humour in 'em, in this drinking Country, they will sometimes be forc'd upon the latter : And he must be a very dull phlegmatick Lump, whom Wine will not elevate to some Extravagance now and then.

Sir Will. Will you distract me ? What are Drinking and Whoring no Faults ? His Courses will break my Heart ; they bring Tears into my Eyes so often.

Sir Edw. One would think you had been Drinking and wenching maudling : Think what we our selves did when we were young Fellows : You were a Spark, would Drink, Scour and Wench with the best o'th' Town.

Sir Will. Ay, but I soon repented, married and settled.

Sir Edw. And turn'd as much to the other Extream : And now perhaps, I millike these Faults, caus'd by his Heat of Youth. But how do you know he may not be reclaim'd suddenly ?

Sir Will. Reclaim'd ? how can he be reclaim'd without Severity ? You should cudgel him, and allow him no Money ; make him not dare to offend you thus. Well, I have a Son whom by my Strictness, I have form'd according to my Heart : He never puts on his Hat in my Presence ; Rises at second Course, takes away his Plate ; says Grace, and saves me the Charge of a Chaplain. When ever he committed a Fault, I maul'd him with Correction : I'd fain see him once dare to be extravagant : No, he is a good Youth, the Comfort of my Age ; I weep for Joy to think of him. Good Sir, learn to be a Father of him that is one : I have a natural Care of him.

Sir Edw. You are his Father by Nature, I by Choice : I reared him when he was a Child, and bred him up with Gentleness and that kind of Conversation has made him my Friend : He conceals nothing from me, or denies nothing to me. Rigour makes nothing but Hypocrites.

Sir Will. Perhaps, when you begin late ; but you should have been severe to him in his Childhood : abridge him of Liberty

Money; and have had him soundly whipp'd often; he would have blest you for it afterwards.

Sir Edw. Too much Streightness in the Minds of Youth, like much lacing the Body, will make 'em grow crooked.

Sir Will. But no lacing at all, will make them swell and grow Monsters.

Sir Edw. I must govern by Love: I had as leive govern a Dog a Man if it must be by fear: This I take to be the Difference between a good Father to Children, and a harsh Master over slaves.

Sir Will. Yes, and see what your Government is come to; Vice and Prodigality will distract me.

Sir Edw. Why should you be so concern'd? He is mine, is he not?

Sir Will. Yes, by Adoption, but he is mine by Nature.

Sir Edw. 'Tis all but Custom.

Sir Will. Mine is a tender Care.

Sir Edw. Your Passion blinds you: I have as tender Care as you can have: I have been ever delighted with him from his Childhood: He is endear'd to me by long Custom and Familiarity. I have had all the Pleasure of a Father, without the Rudgery of getting a Son upon a damn'd Wife, whom perhaps should with hang'd.

Sir Will. And will you let him run on in his Lewdness and prodigality.

Sir Edw. He is mine; if he offends, 'tis me; if he squanders away Money, 'tis mine, and what need you care? Pray take Care of your own; if you will take Care of this too, what do you but take him from me?

Sir Will. This you come to always; I take him from you! No, I'd not be troubled with him. Well, let him run on, and be ruin'd, hang'd and damn'd — I'll never speak Word more about him. Let him go on.

Sir Edw. This Heat of Youth will be allay'd ere long I warrant you.

Sir Will. No no let him go on, let him go on; I'll take Care of my own at home; and happy were this Rake-hell if he would take Example by his Brother: But I say no more; I've done; let him go on.

Sir Edw. Now you are angry, your Passion runs away with you.

Sir Will. No no, I've done; what would you have more?

Sir Edw. Let us go and see him; I'll lay my Life you'll find him perusing some good Author; he ever spends his whole Morning in Study.

Sir Will. I must into the City, the first Thing I do, and get my

my Bills accepted; and then if you will, we'll see him; and doubt but we shall find him perusing of some Whore or other, instead of a Book.

Sir Edw. I am not of your Opinion; but I'll carry you in a Coach into the City, and then bring you back to him; he is so good a Disposition; so much a Gentleman; and has so much Worth and Honour, that if you knew him as well as I, you love him as well as I do.

Sir Will. Well well, I hear you Sir: I must send for my Son Post: I'll shew you a Son. Well, Heaven bless him, I should be weary of this wicked World, but for the Comforts I find in him: Come along, I'll shew you a Son.

Ex. Am

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Belfond Junior, and Lucia.

Belf. Jun. WHY dost thou sigh, and show such Sadness in thy Looks, My pretty Miss?

Lucia. Have I not Reason?

Belf. Jun. Dost thou dislike thy Entertainment?

Luc. Ah cruel Belfond, thou hast undone me.

Belf. Jun. My pretty little Rogue, I sooner wou'd undo myself a thousand Times.

Luc. How I tremble to think what I've done! I've made myself for ever miserable.

Belf. Jun. Oh say not so, dear Child: I'll kiss those Tears from off thy beauteous Eyes. But I shall wrong thy Cheeks, on which they fall like precious Drops of Dew on Flowers.

Luc. Heaven! What have I done?

Belf. Jun. No more than what thy Mother did before thee; no more than thy whole Sex is born to do.

Luc. Oh had I thought you wou'd have been so cruel, I never would have seen your Face; I swear I would not.

Belf. Jun. I swear thou would'st, I know thou would'st: Cruel! No billing Turtle e'er was kinder to his tender Mate; in billing, cooing, and in gentle Murmurs, we express'd our Kindness; and coo'd and murmur'd and lov'd on.

Luc. The more unhappy Fool was I: Go go, I hate you now.

Belf. Jun. Oh my sweet little One; thou canst not sure be so unkind: Those pretty Tell-tales of thy Heart, thy Eyes say better Things.

Luc. Do they so? I'll be reveng'd on 'em for't; for they shall never

see you more.

Self. Fun. Ah say not so ; I had rather much the Sun should shine on me ; than thou be hidden from my Sight : Thou art sure in earnest ?

Luc. Yes sure, I think I am.

Self. Fun. No, my sweet Love, I think thou art not.

Luc. Oh Lord, how shall I look ! How shall I bear myself ! Every one of my Friends shall fix their Eyes upon me, I shall look red and blush, and think they know all.

Self. Fun. How many fair ones daily do the same, and look as purely as any Saints ?

Luc. They are confident Things I warrant 'em.

Self. Fun. Let Love be made familiar to thee, and thou shalt bear it better : Thou must see me every Day. Canst thou be so hard-hearted to forbear the Sight of me ?

Luc. Perhaps I may desire now and then a Look, a Sight of thee at some Distance : But I will never venture to come near thee more I vow.

Self. Fun. Let me kiss that Vow from off thy Lips, while it is warm there ; I have it here ; 'tis gone : Thou wilt not kill me ; didst not thou say thou lov'dst me ?

Luc. Yes I lov'd too much, or this had never happen'd ; I could not else have been undone.

Self. Fun. Undone ; thou art made : Woman is but half a Creature till she be joyn'd to Man ; now thou art whole and perfect.

Luc. Wicked Man ! Can I be so confident once to come near thee more ?

Self. Fun. Should'st thou but fail one Day, I never should survive it ; and then my Ghost will haunt thee. Canst thou look on me, pretty Creature, and talk thus ?

Luc. Well, go thy Ways ; that flattering Tongue, and those witching Eyes were made to ruine Womankind.

Self. Fun. Could I but think thou wert in earnest, these arms should clasp thee ever here : I'd never part with thee.

Luc. No no, now I must be gone ; I shall be mist : How shall I get home and not be known ? Sure every Body will discover me ?

Self. Fun. Thy Mask will cover all : There is a Chair below the Entry to carry thee, and set thee down where thou wilt.

Luc. Farewel, dear cruel Man ! And must I come to Morrow morning say you ? No no.

Self. Fun. Yes yes ; to morrow and to morrow, and every morning of our Lives, I dye else.

Enter Foot-boy.

Foot. Sir your Singing-Master is coming.

Self. Fun. My Singing-Master, Mr. Salsa is coming.

Luc. O

Luc. O Lord hide me! He is my Master, he'll know
I shall not be able to go by him for trembling.

Belf. Jun. Pretty Miss, into the Closet; I'll dispatch
soon.

Enter Singing Master and his Daughter.

Come Master, let your Daughter sing the Song you promis'd

Solfa, Come Betty. Please to put in a Flute Sir.

Belf. Jun. Come on.

Song with two Flutes and a thorough Base.

The Expostulation.

Still wilt thou sigh, and still in vain

A cold neglectful Nymph adore;

No longer fruitlessly complain,

But to thy self thy self restore.

In Youth thou caught'st this fond Disease,

And shouldst abandon it in Age;

Some other Nymph as well may please,

Absence or Business disengage.

On tender Hearts the Wounds of Love.

Like those imprinted on young Trees,

Or kill at first, or else they prove

Larger by insensible Degrees.

Business I try'd, she fill'd my Mind;

On others Lips my Dear I kist;

But never solid Joy could find,

Where I my charming Sylvia mist.

Long Absence, like a Greenland Night,

Made me but wish for Sun the more;

And that inimitable light,

She, none but she, could e'er restore.

She never once regards thy Fire,

Nor ever vents one sigh for thee.

I must the glorious Sun admire,

Tho' he can never look on me.

Look well, you'll find she's not so rare,

Much of her former Beauty's gone;

My Love her Shadow larger far

Is made by her declining Sun.

What if her Glories faded be,

My former Wounds I must endure;

For should the Bow unbended be,

Yet that can never help the Cure.

Off. Jun. 'Tis very easie and natural: Your Daughter sings
ately.

Enter Truman.

Belfond, good morrow to thee; I see thou still tak'st
to melt away thy Hours in soft Delights.

Off. Jun. Honest *Truman*! All the Pleasures and Diversions
an invent, are little enough to make the Farce of Life go
n.

Tru. And yet what a Coil they keep: How busie and industri-
are those who are reckon'd grave and wise about this Life,
there were something in it.

Belf. Jun. Those Fools are in earnest, and very solid; they
k there's something in't, while wise Men know there's no-
g to be done here but to make the best of a bad Market.

Tru. You are mighty Philosophical this Morning. But shall
at hear one Song as well as you?

Belf. Jun. Have you set that Ode in *Horace*?

Solfa. I have.

Belf. Jun. Then I hope you will be encourag'd to set more of
; we then shall be sure of Wit and Musick together; while
great Musicians do often take most Pains about the silliest
ords. Prithce *Truman* sing it.

Tru. sings. *Integer vita Scelerisque purus, &c. Hor. Ode 22. l. 1.*

Belf. Jun. Very well; you have oblig'd me; please to accept
this. And Madam, you shall give me leave to shew my Gra-
de by a small Present.

Solfa and Daughter. Your Servant Sir.

Exeunt.

Tru. You are so immoderately given to Musick, methinks it
ould juttle Love out of your Thoughts.

Belf. Jun. Oh no! Remember *Shakespear*; If Musick be the
nd of Love, play on—There's nothing nourishes that soft
sion like it, it imp's his Wings, and makes him fly a higher
ch. But prithce tell me what News of our dear Mistress?
never yet was so sincerely in love as with my pretty Hypocrite:
ere is Fire in those Eyes that strikes like Lightning: What
onstant Church-man she made of me?

Tru. And mine has made an entire Conquest of me: 'Tis the
st charming pretty Creature, that e'er my Eyes beheld.

Belf. Jun. Let us not fall out, like the Heroes in the *Rehear-*
l, for not being in love with the same Woman.

Tru. Nothing could be so fortunate as our Difference in this
ale: The only one we disagree in.

Belf. Jun. Thou art in the right; mine has so charm'd me, I
content to abandon all other Pleasures, and live alone for
er; she has subdu'd me even to Marriage.

Tru. Mine has no less vanquish'd me; I'll render upon Dis-
tion. Ah Rogue *Belfond*, I see by your Bed, for all your
constant

constant Love, you have had a Wench this Night.

Belf. Jun. Peace Peace Man; 'tis dangerous to fast too for fear of losing an Appetite quite.

Tru. You are a sincere honest Lover indeed.

Belf. Jun. Faith *Truman*, we may talk of mighty Matters of our Honesty and Morality; but a Young Fellow carries about him that will make him a Knave now and then in spite of his Teeth. Besides, I am afraid 'tis impossible for us poor Fellows to succeed in that sanctify'd Family.

Tru. You will not say so, when you know what Progress we have made in our Affairs already.

Belf. Jun. Thou reviv'st my drooping Hopes: Tell me, are you like to succeed! Oh if I can but prevail upon my pretty Church-woman, I am resolv'd to conform to her for ever.

Tru. Look under my Coat; Am I not well habited, with my plain Band, bob Peruke, and no Cuffs?

Belf. Jun. Verily, like one of the pure ones:

Tru. Yea, and our frequenting of Sermons and Lectures (which Heaven knows we did out of no good, but for the sake of these little ones) has us'd me to their Stile: Thus qualify'd I got access into the House, having found that their Governess was Sister to a Weaver in the West, whom I know; I pretended to be her Cousin, and to bring a Token sent to her by her Brother, and was very welcome to her.

Belf. Jun. Most fortunate: Why does he keep 'em so strict? Never to see the Face of Man.

Tru. Be not troubled at that, 'twill forward our Design: they'll be the more earnest to be deliver'd. But no *Italian* Vices; men are so closely confin'd; the pure Knave intends to sell even his Daughter, who has a good Fortune left her by a Widow, that was her Aunt: And for his Niece, he has as good as agreed already with your Father for 3000*l.* to marry her to your Brother in the Country; her Uncle gave her 20000*l.* and that is the Reason of confining 'em, for fear of losing the Money.

Belf. Jun. With my Father say ye?

Tru. Most certain: This I learnt out of Madam Governess at the first Interview.

Belf. Jun. This is a very odd Accident; 'twill make my Difficulty greater.

Tru. Not at all: As Lyers are always readiest to believe Lyes, I never knew an Hypocrite but might easily be cozen'd by another Hypocrite. I have made my Way, and I warrant thee a good Event: I intend to grow great with the Father.

Belf. Jun. Thy sanguine Temper makes thee always hope every Enterprize.

Tru. You might observe, whenever we star'd upon 'em, the

would steal a Look at us, by stealth have often twisted Eye-
Beams with us.

Belf. Jun. The sower and devout Look indeed seems but put
on: There is a pretty Warmth and Tenderneſs in their Eyes,
that now and then gilds o'er the godly Look; like the Suns
light, when breaking through a Cloud, it ſwiftly glides upon a
field of Corn.

Tru. The Air of their Faces plainly ſhew they have Wit
that muſt deſpiſe thoſe trifling Forms; their precise Looks moſt
ſurely are conſtrain'd.

Enter Mrs. Termagant.

Belf. Jun. How Madam *Termagant* here! Then we ſhall
have fine Work. What Wind blows you hither?

Term. How dare you think that I of all Womankind ſhould
be us'd thus?

Belf. Jun. You mean not us'd, that's your Grievance.

Term. Good Mr. Diſdain, I ſhall ſpoil your ſcoffing: Has
my Love deſerv'd to be thus ſlighted? I that have refus'd Princes
for your Sake: Did not all the Town court me? And muſt I
chooſe ſuch an ungrateful Wretch?

Belf. Jun. When you were firſt in Season, you were a little
courted by ſome of Quality: Miſtreſſes, like Green Peaſe, at
firſt coming are only had by the Rich, but afterwards they come
to every Body.

Term. Curſe on your ſawcy Similes: Was not I yours, and
only yours?

Belf. Jun. I had not Faith enough for that; but if you were,
never had any that was mine and only mine, but I made 'em
all Mankind's before I had done.

Term. Ah Traytor! And you muſt pick me out to make this
ſafe Example of: Muſt I be left?

Belf. Jun. Left! Yes ſure, Left! Why you were not marry'd
to me: I took no Leaſe of your frail Tenement: I was but Te-
nant at my own Will.

Term. Insolent! How dare you thus provoke my Fury? Was
ever Woman's Love like mine to thee? Perfidious Man! (*weeps.*)

Belf. Jun. So, after the Thunder, thus the Heat Drops fall.

Term. No, I ſcorn that thou ſhouldeſt bring Tears into my Eyes.

Belf. Jun. Why do you come to trouble me?

Term. Since I can pleaſe no longer, I'll come to plague thee;
and if I dye before thee, my Ghoul ſhall haunt thee.

Belf. Jun. Indeed your Love was moſt particular with ſpitting
and ſcratching, like caterwauling; and in the beſt of Humours
you were ever murmuring and complaining; Oh my Head akes,
am ſo ſick, and jealous to Madneſs too.

Term. Oh Devil incarnate!

Tru. Belfond, thou art the most ungentle Knight alive.

Term. Methinks the pretty Child I have had by you should make you less inhumane.

Belf. Jun. Let me have it ; I'll breed it up.

Term. No, thou shalt never have it while thou livest. I'll pull it Limb from Limb e'er thou shalt have it.

Belf. Jun. This is so unnatural, that you will make me so far from thinking it mine, that I shall not believe it yours ; but that you have put a false Child upon me.

Term. Unworthy Wretch.

Belf. Jun. When thou art old enough, thy Malice and Humour will qualifie thee for a Witch ; but thou hadst never Douceurs enough in thy Youth to fit thee for a Mistress.

Term. How dare you provoke me thus ? For what little dirty Wench am I thus us'd ? If she be above Ground I'll find her and tear her Eyes out. Hah—By the Bed I see the Devil has been here to Night—Oh oh, I cannot bear it. *(Falls into a Fit)*

Tru. Belfond, help the Lady for shame ; lay hold on her.

Belf. Jun. No no, let her alone, she will not hurt herself I warrant thee : She is a rare Actor ; she acts a Fit of the Mother best of any one in *England*. Ha ha ha.

Tru. How canst thou be so cruel ?

Belf. Jun. What a Devil should I do ? If a Man lies on with a Woman, is he bound to do it for ever ?

Term. Oh oh.

Belf. Jun. Very well Faith ; admirably well acted.

Term. Is it so ? Devil, Devil : I'll spoil your *Point de Vert* for you. *(Flys at him)*

Belf. Jun. Will you force me to make my Footman turn you out ?

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, Your Father and your Uncle are coming hither.

Belf. Jun. 'Sdeath, my Father ! 'Tis impossible.

Foot. By Heaven 'tis true ; they are coming up by this Time.

Belf. Jun. Look you Madam, you may if you will ruine me and put me out of all Means of doing for you or your Child. Try me once more, and get into the Bed and cover yourself with the Quilt, or I am undone.

Term. Villian, you deserve to be ruin'd : But I love my Child too well.

Tru. For Heaven's sake hide your self in the Bed quickly.

Term. No no, I'll run into the Closet.

Belf. Jun. Death and Hell ! I am ruin'd : There's a young Girl there ; she'll make yet a worse uproar.

Tru. Peace, let me alone. Madam, whatever happens, ruin not your self and Child inevitably.

Enter Sir William Belfond, Sir Edward, and Servants.

Sir Edw. Ned, good morrow to thee.

Belf. Jun. Your Blessing Sir.

Sir Edw. Heaven blefs thee. Here's one unexpected.

Belf. Jun. My Father! I beg your Blessing Sir.

Sir Will. Heaven mend you: It can never blefs you in the leud Course you are in.

Belf. Jun. You are misinform'd Sir: my Courses are not so leud as you imagine.

Sir Will. Do you see: I am misinform'd: He'll give me the Lye.

Belf. Jun. I would first bite my Tongue in Pieces, and spit it at you: Whatever little Heats of Youth I have been guilty of, I doubt not but in a short Time to please you fully.

Sir Edw. Well said *Ned*; I dare swear thou wilt.

Sir Will. Good Brother Credulous: I thank Heaven I am not so. You were not drunk last Night with Bullies, and roar'd and ranted, scour'd, broke Windows, beat the Watch, broke open a House, and forc'd away a Wench in *Salisbury-Court*. This is a fine Life. These he calls Heats of Youth.

Belf. Jun. I was at home by Eight a Clock last Night, and supp'd at home; and never kept such Company.

Sir Will. No no, you are not call'd Squire *Belfond* by the Scoundrels your Companions? 'Twas not you, no no.

Belf. Jun. Not I upon my Faith, I never kept such Company or do such Actions: If any should call me Squire I'd break his Head: Some Rascal has usurp'd my Name.

Sir Edw. Look you Brother, what would you have? This must be some Mistake.

Sir Will. What a Devil! You believe this too? Ounds! you make me mad! Is there any of our Name in *England* but our selves? Does he think to flamm me with a Lye?

Belf. Jun. I scorn a Lye, 'tis the basest Thing a Gentleman can be guilty of: All my Servants can testify I furr'd not out last Night.

Tru. I assure you Sir, he was not abroad last Night.

Sir Will. You assure me! Who are you? One of his hopeful Companions? No, your Cloths are not good enough, you may be his Pimp.

Tru. You are the Father of my Friend, an old Gentleman, and a little mad.

Sir Will. Old! Walk down; I'll try your Youth: I'll fight with the bravest Ruffian he keeps Company with.

Sir Edw. Brother! Are you mad? Has the Country robb'd you of all good Manners, and common Sense?

Sir Will. I had a Bout with two of your Bullies in the *Temple-Walks*.

Belf. Jun. Whom does he mean? This is a Gentleman of Estate and Quality; he has above 2000*l.* a Year.

Sir Edw. You are a mad Man; I am asham'd of you. Sir, beseech you pardon my Brother's Passion, which transports him beyond Civility.

Belf. Jun. I know you will for my Sake.

Tru. He is the Father of my dearest Friend; I shall be glad to serve him.

Sir Edw. Will you never be of Age of Discretion? For Shame use me your Son, and every Body better.

Sir Will. Well, I must be run down like a tame Puppy.

Luc. within. Murder, murder; Help, help; ah, ah!

Belf. Jun. Oh this damn'd she Devil. (*Termagant pulls Lucia out by the Hair; they part 'em.*)

Term. I'll make you an Example: Will you see him whether I will or no, you young Whore?

Sir Will. Here's a Son! Here's a fine Son! Here's your breeding! Here's a pretty Son! Here's a delicate Son! Here's a dainty Son!

Sir Edw. If he be mad, will you be madder?

Belf. Jun. Turn out this she Bear; turn her out to the Rabble!

Term. Revenge, you Villain, Revenge. (*Ex. Term. and Foot.*)

Belf. Jun. Dear Friend, prithee see this innocent Girl safe in the Chair, from that outrageous Strumpets Fury. (*Ex. Tru. and Luc.*)

Sir Will. Here's a Son, here's a Son! Very well, make much of him: Here's the Effect of Whoring.

Belf. Jun. No Sir, 'tis the Effect of not whoring: This Rage is because I have cast her off.

Sir Will. Yes yes, for a younger; a sweet Reformation! Let me not see your Face, nor hear you speak; you will break my Heart.

Belf. Jun. Sir, the young Girl was never here before; she brought me Linnen from the *Exchange*.

Sir Will. A fine Bawd her Mistress in the mean time.

Belf. Jun. This furious Wench coming in to rail at me for my leaving her, I was forc'd to put the other into that Closet; and at your coming up, against my Will, this run into the same Closet.

Sir Will. Sirrah, most audacious Rogue, do you sham me? Do you think you have your Uncle to deal with? Avoid my Presence Sirrah; get you out Sirrah.

Belf. Jun. I am sorry I offended: I obey. (*Exit Belf. Jun.*)

Sir Will. I could have found in my Heart to have cudgell'd him.

Sir Edw. Shame of our Family; you behave your self so like a Mad-man and a Fool, you will be begg'd: These Fits are more extravagant than any Thing he can be guilty of. Do you

give your Son the Words of Command you use to Dogs?

Sir Will. Justifie him, do! He's an excellent Son! A very pretty Son! A delicate Son! A virtuous Son! A discreet Son! He is.

Sir Edw. Pray use me better, or I'll assure you we must never see one another. Besides, I shall entail my Estate for want of Issue by this Son here, upon another Family, if you will treat me thus.

Sir Will. What says he? *aside.* Well Brother I've done: His Lewdness distracted me! Oh my poor Boy in the Country; I long to see him, the great Support of my declining Age.

Sir Edw. Let us calmly reason: What has your Breeding made of him (with your Patience) but a Blockhead?

Sir Will. A Blockhead! When he comes the World shall judge which of us has been the wiser in the Education of a Son: A Blockhead? Why he knows a Sample of any Grain as well as e'er a Fellow in the North; can handle a Sheep or Bullock as well as any one: Knows his Seasons of Plowing, Sowing, Harrowing, laying fallow: Understands all Sorts of Manure: And ne'er a one that wears a Head can wrong him in a Bargain.

Sir Edw. A very pretty Fellow, for a Gentleman's Bailly.

Sir Will. For his own Bailly, and to be a rich——

Sir Edw. Swine, and live as nastily; and keep worse Company than Beasts in a Forest.

Sir Will. He knows no Vice, poor Boy.

Sir Edw. He will have his turn to know it then; as sure as he will have the Small Pox; and then he'll be fond on't when his Brother has left it.

Sir Will. I defy the Omen; he never whores, nor drinks hard, but upon Design, as driving a Bargain, or so; and that I allow him.

Sir Edw. So; knavish and designing Drunkenness you allow; but not good fellowship for Mirth and Conversation.

Sir Will. Now Brother, pray what have you made your Son good for, with your breeding you so much boast of? Let's hear that now: Come on, let's hear.

Sir Edw. First, I bred him at *Westminster-School*, till he was Master of the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues; then I kept him at the University, where I instructed him to read the Noble *Greek* and *Roman* Authors.

Sir Will. Well, and what use can he make of the Noble *Greek* and *Latin*, but to prate like a Pedant, and shew his Parts over a Bottle?

Sir Edw. To make a Man fit for the Conversation of learned Gentlemen is one noble End of Study: But those Authors make him wiser and honest, Sir, to boot.

Sir Will. Wiser! Will he ever get Six-pence, or improve or keep his Estate by 'em?

Sir Edw. Mean Notions: I made him well vers'd in History.

Sir Will. That's a pretty Study indeed: How can there be a true History, when we see no Man living is able to write truly the History of the last Week?

Sir Edw. He by the Way read Natural Philosophy, and had insight enough in the Mathematicks.

Sir Will. Natural Philosophy! knows nothing: Nor would I give a Farthing for any Mathematician, but a Carpenter, Bricklayer, Measurer of Land, or Sailor.

Sir Edw. Some moderate skill in it will use a Man to reason closely.

Sir Will. Very pretty: Reason! Can he Reason himself into six Shillings by all this?

Sir Edw. He needs it not: But to go on; after three Years I remov'd him from the University (lest he should have too strong a Tincture of it) to the Temple; there I got a modest learned Lawyer, of little Practice, for Want of Impudence; and there are several such that want, while empty impudent Fellows thrive and swagger at the Bar: This Man I got to instruct my Son in some old common Law Books, the Statutes, and the best Pleas of the Crown, and the Constitution of the old true English Government.

Sir Will. Does he get a Shilling by all this? But what a Devil made you send him into France, to make an arrant vain Coxcomb of him?

Sir Edw. There he did all his manly Exercises; saw two Campaigns; studied History, Civil Laws, and Laws of Commerce; the Language he spoke well e'er he went. He made the Tour of Italy, and saw Germany, and the Low Countries, and return'd well skill'd in Foreign Affairs, and a compleat accomplish'd English Gentleman.

Sir Will. And to know nothing of his own Estate, but how to spend it: My poor Boy has travell'd to better Purpose; for he has travell'd all about my Lands, and knows every Acre and Nook, and the Value of it: There's travel for you! Poor Boy.

Sir Edw. And he enjoys so little of that Estate he sees, as to be impatient for your Death: I dare swear mine wishes my Life, next to his own. I have made him a compleat Gentleman, fit to serve his Country in any Capacity.

Sir Will. Serve his Country! Pox on his Country: 'Tis a Country of such Knaves, 'tis not worth the serving: All those who pretend to serve it, mean nothing but themselves. But amongst all things, how came you to make him a Fiddler, always Fluting or Scraping? I had as lieve hear a Jew's Harp.

Edw. I love Musick: Besides I would have young Gentlemen have as many Helps to spend their Time alone as can be; of our Youth are ruin'd by having Time lie heavy on their backs, which makes them run into any base Company to shun themselves.

Will. And all this Gentleman's Education is come to drinking, Whoring and Debauchery.

Enter Servant to Sir William.

Edw. Sir, Mr. *Scrapeall* is at your Attorney's Chamber in the Temple, and desires to discourse you.

Will. Brother, I must go: I shall tell you when I see you what is my Business with him.

Edw. Be sure to Dine with me.

Will. I will——

Edw. *Belfond Senior*, *Shamwell*, *Cheatly*, *Hackum*, *Lolpoop*, *French Valet*, *two Footmen at the George in White-Fryers*.

Cheat. Now thou look'st like an Heir indeed, my Lad, when thou cam'st up thou hadst the scurvy Phiz of a meer Country Put, did thee a Kindness that took thee for a Chief Constable.

Sham. Now thou shinest, Cousin, like a true *Belfond*! What a Year entail'd, and live like a Butcher, or Grazier, in the Country?

Hack. Give you Joy, Noble Sir, now you look like a true Gentle Squire.

Lolp. Like a Squire, like a Puppy by the Mass: Odsflesh, what will the awd Man say; he'll be stark wood.

Belf. Sen. Well, I was the fortunat'st Man to light upon a true, such real Friends: I had never known any Breeding Gentility without you.

Sham. You buried all your good Parts in a sordid swinish life in the North.

Belf. Sen. My Father kept me in Ignorance, and would have made a very silly Blockheadly Put of me: Why, I never heard of Gentleman Banter, or cut a Sham in my Life, before I saw you, nor ever heard such ingenious Discourse.

Hack. Nay, the World knows Mr. *Cheatly* and Mr. *Shamwell*, as compleat Gentlemen as ever came within the *Fryers*: And we have as fine Gentlemen as any in *England*; we have none here who have broke for a 100000*l*.

Belf. Sen. Well, I protest and vow, I am so very fine, I do not know where to look upon my self first: I don't think my Lord Mayor's Son is finer.

Cheat. He is a Scoundrel compar'd to thee: There's ne'er a fellow, at Court out-shines thee. Thou shalt strut in the *Park*, where Countesses shall be enamour'd on thee.

Belf. Sen.

Belf. Sen. I am overjoy'd: I can stand no Ground: My friend *Cheatly*! My sweet Cousin *Shamwell*! Let me embrace such dear, such loving Friends: I could grow to you, methinks, and stick here for ever.

Lolp. Ah! Dear loving Dogs! They love him by'r Lady: a Cat loves a Maufe.

Belf. Sen. What's that you mutter, Sirrah? Come hither, Sirrah! you are finer than any Squire in the Country.

Lolp. Pox of Finery, I say; yeow maken a meer Ass, an' o' mee: Here are Sleeves fit for nought but a Miller to flout with when he takes Tole: and damn'd Cuffs here, one can dip ones Meat i'th' Sawce for them: Odsflesh, give me my Cloths again; would I were a whome in my Frock, dressing my Geldings; poor *Titts*, they wanten me dearly, I warrant.

Belf. Sen. Well, there's no making a Whistle of a Pigs Tail. This Puppy will never learn any breeding. Sirrah, behold here's Rigging for you; here's a *Nabb*: you never saw such one in your Life.

Cheat. A rum *Nab*: it is a Beaver of 5 l.

Belf. Sen. Look you there Blockhead.

Lolp. Look yeow there Blockhead, I say.

Hack. Let me see your *Porker*: Here's a *Porker*; here's a *Tilt*. Ha, ha, Oh how I could whip a *Prigster* through the Lungs. Ha, ha.

Thrusts at Lolpoop.

Cheat. It cost sixteen Louydors in *Paris*.

Hack. Ha, ha.

He pushes towards Lolpoop.

Lolp. Hawd you, hawd you: And I tak kibbo, I'll raddle Bones o' thee, I'll tell a that; for aw th'art a Caprain mun.

Belf. Sen. Look Sirrah, here's a Show you Rogue: Here's a Sight of *Cole*, *Darby*, the *Ready*, and the *Rhino*, you Rascal, you understand me not; you *Loggerhead*, you silly *Putt*, you understand me not: Here are *Meggs* and *Smelts*: I ne'er had such a Sight of my own in my Life. Here are more *Meggs* and *Smelts*, you Rogue; you understand me not.

Lolp. By'r Lady not I: I understand not this South-Country Speech, not I.

Belf. Sen. Ah methinks I could tumble in 'em. But d'ye hear *Putt*, *Putt*, *Putt*, Sirrah. Here's a *Scout*: What's a Clock? What's a Clock, Sirrah. Here's a *Tatler*; Gold, all Gold, you Rogue. Look on my Finger, Sirrah; look here: Here's a *Famble*, *Putt*, *Putt*: You don't know what a *Famble*, a *Scout* or *Tatler* is, you *Putt*.

Lolp. Fine Sight for my awd Master! Marry wou'd I were sent from Constable to Constable, and whipt whome again by'r Lady.

Belf. Sen.

The Squire of ALSATIA.

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Off. Sen. Let's whet ; bring some Wine : Come on ; I love
net. Pray let's huzza : I love huzzaing mightily. But
re's your Lady, Captain, and the *Blowing*, that it to be my
ural, my *Convenient*, my *Pure*. (*Enter Servant with Bottles.*
ack. They're just coming in. Come Betty.

Enter Mrs. Hackum and Mrs. Margaret.

Mrs. Hack. Come in Mrs. Margaret, come.

Marg. I am so agham'd.

Off. Sen. Madam, your Servant ; I am very much oblig'd
our Favours.

Mrs. Hack. I shall be proud to do a Gentleman, like you,
Service that lies in my Power, as a Gentlewoman.

Off. Sen. Oh Lord, Madam, your most humble Servant to
mand : My pretty *Blowing* let me kiss thee : Thou shalt
my *Natural* : I must manage thee. She is a *Pure Blowing*.
pretty Rogue— how happy shall I be ? Pox o' the Country
Madam *Hackum*, to testify my Gratitude, I make bold to
you with some *Meggs*, *Smelts*, *Ducus* and *Georges*.

Mrs. Hack. I am your faithful Servant, and I shall be glad of
Occasion, whereby to express how ready I am to serve any
Gentleman, or Person of Quality, as becomes a Gentlewoman ;
upon honour Sir, you shall never find me tardy.

Cheat. Come on Sirrah, fill up all the Glasses ; a Health to
pretty Lady.

Off. Sen. Ay, and i'faith I'll drink it, pretty Rogue.

Ham. Let them be *Facers*.

Off. Sen. *Facers* ! What are those ? Nay, give the Lady and
Captain's Lady too.

Marg. No, I cannot drink, I am not dry.

Mrs. Hack. Give it me.

Ham. There's a *Face* for you. *Drinks the Glass clear off,
and puts it to his Face.*

Off. Sen. Excellent adad ! Come to our *Facers*. *All do the like.*
the prettiest Way of Drinking : Fill again, we'll have more
Fiddles flourish without.

Boys ! the Musicians are come. Ha Boys, we'll sing, dance,
fling the House out of the Windows ; and I will *manage*
pretty *Natural*, my *pure Blowing* here. Huzza : My dear
nds, *Shamwell* and *Cheatly*, I'm transported ! My pretty
Natural : Kiss me, kiss me. Huzza.

Marg. Nay puh, you do so ruffle ones Things.

Off. Sen. I'll ruffle thee more, my little Rogue, before I have
with thee. Well I shall never make you amends, my
Friends. Sirrah, *Lolpoop*, is not this better than the Coun-
Sirrah ? Give the Rogue a *Face* to my Mistress. Come,
fill

fill about the *Facers*. Come on, my Lads, stand to't. Hurra! 'tis the prettiest Way of Drinking, never stir!

Enter four Servants with four Dishes of Meat, who cross the Stage.

Cheat. So here's the *Prog*, here's the Dinner coming up. Cloth's laid in the next Room: Here's a noble Dinner.

Belf. Sen. Ha Boys, we'll sing and roar, and Huzza, like devils.

Enter Sir William Belfond at the Door.

Ounds! Who's here? my Father! *Lolpoop, Lolpoop*, hide give me my *Joseph*. Let's sneak into the next Room.

Sham. Death! What shall we do? This is the Bully's Father.

Cheat. Let me alone: I warrant you.

Hack. This is the old Fellow I had like to have had a bers with in the Morning.

Sir Will. Is he fallen into these Hands? Nay, then he's utterly lost: His Estate is spent before he has it.

Cheat. How now *Prigg*, What makes you come into Room?

Sir Will. I would speak with Squire *Belfond*.

Cheat. Here's no such Man.

Sir Will. Oh *Bully*, are you there? and my ungracious man too? Would you bring my Son to the Gallows! You notorious Seducer of young Heirs, I know you too. I warrant you I'll keep my dear Boy in the Country far enough from Clutches. In short, I wou'd speak with my Rebellious T Son, who is here, and bespoke this great Dinner.

Cheat. bantering. Why look you Sir, according to your Assertion of Things doubtful in themselves; you must be forced to grant, that whatsoever may be, may also as well not be, in its own essential Differences and Degrees.

Sir Will. What Stuff's this? Where's my Son?

Cheat. Your Question consists of two Terms: the one where: But of that I shall say nothing, because here is no more nor any thing belonging to you, to be the subject Matter of Debate, at this Time; forasmuch as——

Sir Will. Do you hear me, Sir, let me see my Son; and to Banter me, or Sham me once more, and I will cut your Throat, and Cudgel your Brace of Cowards.

Cheat. Nay, then 'tis Time to take a Course with you. Help; an Arrest, an Arrest; a Bailly a Bailly.

Hack. & Sham. An Arrest, an Arrest.

Sir Will. You Dogs? Am I a Bailly?

Cheat. You shall be us'd like one, you old *Prigg*. Arrest!

*Will. Impudent Dogs! I must run, or I must be pull'd in.
Help, an Arrest, an Arrest.*

*cry out an Arrest: Drawers, and some of the Rabble come in,
and joyn with the Cry, which gets into the Street; there they
cry out too; he joyns the Cry, and runs away: Cheat. Sham.
Hack. Drawers follow him, and cry out, stop, stop, a Bailly.*

*at. Sham. Hack. in the Street. Stop, stop, a Bailly, a Bailly.
Sir William runs, the Rabble pursue him cross the Stage.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Termagant and her Brother.

Term. **A**S I told you, I have had a Child by him; he is
my Husband by Contract; and casts me off; has
dishonour'd me, and made me infamous. Shall you think to
me and bully about the Town, and not vindicate the Honour
your Family?

Bro. No Man shall dare to dishonour our Family.

Enter Belfond Junior.

Term. If you do not cut his Throat, you'll be kick'd up and
down for a damn'd Coward; and besides you shall never see a
 penny of mine more.

Bro. I'll fight him an he be above Ground.

Term. There, there's the Traytor, walking before his Uncle's
door: Be sure dispatch him; on, I'll withdraw. *(Exit.*

Bro. Do you hear Sir, do you know Mrs. Termagant?

Belf. Jun. What makes you ask such a familiar Question Sir?

Bro. I am her Brother.

Belf. Jun. Perhaps so: Well, I do; what then Sir?

Bro. Ours is as ancient a Family as any in *England*, tho' per-
haps unfortunate at present: The *Termagants* came in with the
Conqueror.

Belf. Jun. It may be so; I am no Herald.

Bro. And do you think you shall dishonour this Family, and
debauch my Sister unchastiz'd? You are contracted to her, and
have lain with her.

Belf. Jun. Look you Sir, I see what you would be at: She's
mad, and puts you upon this: Let me advise you, 'tis a foolish
Quarrel.

Bro. You debauch'd her, and have ruin'd her.

Belf.

Belf. Jun. 'Tis false; the silliest coxcomby Beau in T had the first of her.

Bro. You have had a Child by her.

Belf. Jun. Then I have added one to your ancient Family came in with the *Normans*: Prithee do not provoke me to away one from it.

Bro. You are contracted to her; and if you will marry will save your Life.

Belf. Jun. 'Tis a Lye; I am not contracted to her: Be g urge me no more.

Bro. Draws.

Belf. Jun. Have at you.

Enter Sir Edward Belf

Sir Edw. Hold, hold: Oh my Son, *Belf. strikes up his H*
my Son! What's the Matter, my dear *and disarms*
Son, art thou not hurt; let me see?

Belf. Jun. No Sir, not at all, dear Sir. Here take y
Sword, and be gone; next Time you come to trouble me,
cut your Troat. *Exit Bro*

Sir Edw. What's the Matter, dear *Ned*? This is about f
Wench I warrant.

Belf. Jun. 'Tis a Brother of that furious Wench you saw
her violent Love is converted into Hatred.

Sir Edw. You young Fellows will never get Knowledge by
your own Cost; the Precepts of the old weigh nothing with y

Belf. Jun. Your Precepts have been ever sacred to me; and
shall your Example be henceforward: You are the best of M
the best of Fathers; I have as much Honour for you as I can b
for human Nature; and I love you ten thousand Times ab
my life.

Sir Edw. Dear *Ned*, thou art the greatest Joy I have; e
believe thy Father and thy Friend, there's nothing but Anxi
in Vice: I am not freight Lac'd; but when I was young, I
ver knew any Thing gotten by Wenching, but Duels, Claps, a
Bastards; and every drunken Fit is a short Madness, that cuts
a good Part of Life.

Belf. Jun. You have Reason Sir, and shall ever be my Ora
hereafter.

Sir Edw. 'Tis Time now to take up, and think of being for
thing in the World: See then, my Son, tho' thou should'st
be over busie, to side with Parties and with Factions, yet t
thou takest a Care to make some Figure in the World, and to
stain that Part thy Fortune, Nature, and thy Education fit thee t

Belf. Jun. Your wise Advice I'll strive to follow; But I m
confess, I am most passionately in Love, and am with your Co
sent, resolv'd to marry; tho' I'll perish ere I do't without it.

Sir Edw. Be sure to know the Humour of the Woman; y

in a mighty Hazard ; but if you be valiant enough to venture, which, I must confess, I never was.) I'll leave it to your own Choice ; I know you have so much Honour, you will do nothing below your self.

Belf. Jun. I doubt not of your Approbation ; but till I can be sure of obtaining her ; Pardon me if I conceal her Name.

Enter Sir William Beltond.

Sir Edw. Your Father comes, retire a little within hearing till I soften him somewhat ; he is much mov'd, as he always is, I think. (*He retires.*)

Sir Will. Now Brother, as I was saying, I can convince you, your Son, your Darling, whom you long have foster'd in his Wickedness, is become the most profligate of all Rascals.

Sir Edw. Still upon this Subject.

Sir Will. 'Tis very well, my Mouth must be stop'd, and your Ears ; 'tis wondrous well. But I have had much ado to escape with Life, from him, and his notorious fellow Rogues : As I told you when I had found that the Rogue was with his wicked Associates, at the *George* in *White-Fryers* ; when they saw I was resolv'd to see my Son, and was rough with 'em, *Cheatly* and his Rogues set up a Cry against me ; An Arrest ! A Bail ! An Arrest ! The Mobile, and all the Rakehells in the House, and thereabout the Streets assembled : I run, and they had a fair Course after me into *Fleetstreet*, thanks to the Vigour I have left, my Heels have sav'd my Life ; your infamous Rogue would have suffer'd me to have been sacrific'd to the Rabble.

Sir Edw. Ha ha ha, very pretty i'faith ; it runs very well : Can you tell it over again think you ?

Sir Will. Ounds ! Am I become your Scorn, your Laughter ?

Sir Edw. Ned, You hear all this ? (*Belf. Jun. appears.*)

Belf. Jun. Yes, and am distracted to know the meaning of it.

Sir Will. Vile Parricide ! Are you gotten here before me ? You are monstrous nimble Sir.

Belf. Jun. By all the Powers of Heaven ! I never was at the *George* in my Life.

Sir Will. Oh then they stay for you, you have not yet been there ; you'll lose your Dinner, 'tis serv'd up—Vile Wretch.

Belf. Jun. All this is cross Purposes to me : I came to my Uncle's House from my own Lodgings immediately ; when you were pleas'd to banish me your Presence, and here have been ever since.

Sir Will. Nay, he that will be a thorough Villain, must be a compleat Lyar : Were not you even now with your associate Rascals at the *George* ?

Belf. Jun. No, by Heaven ! Nor was I ever in the Company of any of that Gang ; I know their Infamy too well, to be acquainted with their Persons.

Sir Will. I am not drunk, nor mad; but you will make me one of 'em.

Belf. Jun. These Rascals have gotten some Body to personate me, and are undoubtedly carrying on some Cheat in my Name.

Sir Edw. Brother it must be.

Sir Will. Yes yes, no doubt it must be so: And I must be in a Dream all this while, I must!

Sir Edw. You say your self you did not see my Son there?

Sir Will. No, he was too nimble for me, and got out some back Way, to be here before me; so to face down the Truth.

Belf. Jun. I'll instantly go thither, and discover this Imposture, that I may no longer suffer for the Faults of others.

Sir Edw. Dine first; my Dinner's ready.

Belf. Jun. Your Pardon Sir, I will go instantly; I cannot rest till I have done my self right.

Sir Edw. Let's in, and discourse of this Matter: Brother must say this, I never took him in a Lye since he could speak.

Sir Will. Took him; no nor ne'er will take him in any Thing.

Sir Edw. Let's in—and send your own Man with him.

Sir Will. It shall be so, tho' I am convinc'd already. Is there any of the Name but you, and I, and my two Sons in England?

Belf. Jun. Be pleas'd to send my Footmen out to me, Sir.

Sir Edw. Have a Care of a Quarrel, and bringing the *Alsatians* about your Ears. Come Brother. (*Ex Sir Edw. and Sir Will.*)

Enter Lucia running, Termagant pursuing her.

Luc. Help, help, help.

Term. Now I have found you, you little Whore—I'll make you an Example.

Luc. Oh Lord, Are you here! Save me, save me, this barbarous Woman threatens to murder me for your Sake.

Belf. Jun. Save thee, dear Miss; that I would at the Peril of my Life; no Danger shou'd make me quit thee, Cannons, no Bombs.

Term. Damn'd false Fellow: I'll take a Time to slit her Nose.

Luc. Oh Heaven! She'll kill me.

Belf. Jun. Thou Devil! In thy properest Shape of furious, and malicious Woman; resolve to leave off this Course this Moment, or by Heaven I'll lay thee fast in *Bedlam*: Had'st thou fifty Brothers, I'd fight 'em all, in Defence of this dear pretty Miss.

Luc. Dear kind Creature! This sweet Love of thine, methinks does make me valiant, and I fear her not so much.

Enter Roger, and his two Footmen.

Belf. Jun. Dear pretty Miss, I'll be thy safeguard.

Term. Thou falsest, basest of thy Sex: Look to see thy Child sent thee in Pieces, bak'd in a Pye; for so I will.

Belf. Jun. Tho' thou ha'st every Thing living besides thy self

yet thou hast too much Tenderneſs for thy own Perſon to bring it to the Gallows: Offer to follow us one Step, and I'll ſet the Rabble upon thee: Come my dear Child. (*Exeunt.*)

Term. Thou ſhalt be dogg'd; and I'll know who ſhe is. Oh Revenge! Revenge! If thou doſt not exceed thou equall'ſt all the Extaſies of Love. (*Exit. Term.*)

Enter Cheatly, and Shamwell.

Cheat. Thus far our Matters go ſwimmingly: Our Squire is as debauch'd, and prodigal, as we can wiſh.

Sham. I told you, all *England* could not afford an Heir like this for our Purpose, but we muſt keep him always hot.

Cheat. That will be eaſie; we made him ſo devilish drunk the firſt two or three Days, the leaſt Bumper will warm his ad-dle Head afreſh at any Time: He paid a great Fine; and may ſit at a little Rent: I muſt be gone for a Moment; our *Suffolk* Heir is nabb'd, for a ſmall Buſineſs; and I muſt find him ſome ſham Bail: See the Captain performs his Charge. (*Exit.*)

Enter Hackum.

Sham. Here he comes. See Captain you make that Blockhead drunk, and do as we directed.

Hack. He's almoſt drunk, and we are in Readineſs for him; the Squire is retir'd with his Natural, ſo fond.

Sham. 'Tis well, about your Buſineſs; I'll be with you ſoon.

Enter Lolpoop.

(*Exit. Sham.*)

Hack. Come on, Mr. *Lolpoop*, you and I'll be merry by our ſelves.

Lol. I muſt needs ſay Captain, yeow are a civil Gentleman, but yeow han given me ſo many Bumpers, I am meet drunken already.

Hack. Come on, I warrant you; here's a Bumper to the Squire's Lady.

Lol. With all my Heart.

Enter Betty.

Hack. Oh Mrs. *Betty*, art thou come? I ſent for this pretty Rogue to keep you Company; ſhe's as pretty a Company-keeper as any's in the *Friers*.

Lol. Ods-fleſh, what ſhould I do in Company with Gentlewomen; 'tis not for ſuch Fellees as I.

Hack. Have Courage Man; you ſhall have her, and never want ſuch a one while I am your Friend.

Lol. O Lord I! Don yeow know what yeow ſaen.

Bet. A proper, handſome Gentleman I ſwear.

Lol. Who I, no, no: Wat done yeow mean forſooth?

Bet. I yow I have not ſeen a handſomer; ſo proper, ſo well ſhap'd!

Oh Lord, I! I! Yeow jeern me naw.

Hack. Why don't you ſalute her, Man?

ol. Who I? By the Maſs I dare not be ſo bold: What I

kiss such a fine Gentlewoman?

Hack. Kiss, kiss her Man: This Town affords us such every where: You'll hate the Country when you see a little more. Kiss her I say.

Lol. I am so, ha la; I am a sham'd.

Bet. What must I do it to you then?

Lol. Oh rare! Byth' Mass whoo kisses daintily; and whoo has a Breath like a Caw.

Hack. Come, t'other Bumper; to her Health let this be. Here's to you.

Lol. Thanka forsooth and yeow please. (*drinks to her.*)

Bet. Yes, any thing that you do will please me.

Lol. Capt. Capt. what done yeow leave me? (*Hack. steals out.*)

Bet. What are you afraid of me? *and leaves them together.*

Lol. Nay, By'r Lady; I am a sham'd, who's farin'ly a pratty Lafs! Marry.

Bet. A handsom Man, and a sham'd! (*She edges nearer to him.*)

Lol. Who I a handsome Mon! Nay, nay.

Bet. A lovely Man, I vow; I cannot forbear kissing you.

Lol. O dear, 'tis your Goodness: Ods-flesh, whoo Loves me! who'll make me stark wood e'en naw: An yeow kissen me, by'r Lady I's kiss yeow.

Bet. What care I.

Lol. Looka there naw! Waunds, whoo's a dainty Lafs, pure white and red; and most of the London Lasses are pure white and red: Welly aw alike; an I had her in some Nook. Ods-flesh, I say no more.

Bet. I'll stay no longer, farewell. (*She retires.*)

Lol. Nay, I's not leave a soo: Marry whoo's a gallant Lafs. (*Exit following her.*)

Enter Hackum.

Hack. So, he's caught; this will take him off from teasing his Master with his damn'd good Counsel.

Enter Cheatly, and Shamwell.

Cheat. I have sent our *Alsatian* Attorney, and as substantial Bail as can be wish'd, for the Redemption of our *Suffolk* Caravan; he's ripe for another Judgment, he begins to want the Ready much.

Sham. *Scrapeall* is provided for him: How now Captain, what's become of your Blockhead?

Hack. He's nibbling at the Bait: He'll swallow presently.

Cheat. But hark you, *Shamwell*; I have chosen the subtlest and handsomest Wench about this Town for the great Fortune I intend to bestow this hopeful Kinsman of yours upon: 'Tis Mrs. *Termagant*, his Brothers Cast Mistress, who resents her being left to that Degree, that tho' she meditates all the Revenge, besides, that Woman's Nature is capable of against him: Yet her Heart leapt

capt for Joy at this Design of marrying his elder Brother; if it were for nothing but to plague the younger, and take place of his Wife.

Sham. I have seen her: She will personate a Town Lady of Quality admirably, and be as haughty and Impertinent as the best of 'em: Is the Lodging, and Plate, and Things ready for her?

Cheat. It is, she comesthere this Afternoon; she's set her Hand to a good swinging Judgment; and thou and I will divide my Lad: And now all we have to do, is to preserve him to our selves from any other Correspondence, and at down right Enmity with his Father, and Brother; and we must keep him continually hot, as they do a Glass-House, or our work will go backward.

Enter Belfond Senior, Mrs Margaret, Mrs. Hackum, and his Servants.

Belf. Sen. Oh my dear Friend and Cousin, tread upon my Neck, make me your Footstool, you have made me a happy Man to know Plenty and Pleasure, good Company, good Wine, Musick, fine Woman: *Mrs. Hackum* and I have been at Bumpers hand to fist: Here's my pretty Natural, my dear pretty Rogue; addad, she's a rare Creature, a delicious Creature! And between you and I, dear Friend, she has all her Goings as well as e'er a Blowing in *Christendom*: Dear Madam *Hackum*, I am infinitely oblig'd to you.

Mrs. Hack. I am glad Sir she gives your Worship Content, Sir.

Belf. Sen. Content; ah my pretty Rogue! Pox o'the Country I say; Capt. Capt. here, let me equip you with a Quid.

Hack. Noble Squire, I am your Spaniel-Dog.

Belf. Sen. Pox o'the Country I say; the best Team of Horses my Father has, shall not draw me thither agen.

Sham. Be firm to your Resolution, and thou'lt be happy.

Cheat. If you meet either your Father, or Brother, or any from those Prigsters, stick up thy Countenance, or thou art ruin'd, my Son of Promise, my brisk Lad in remainder, when one of 'em approaches thee, we'll all pull down our Hats, and cry bow wow.

Belf. Sen. I warrant you; I am harden'd, I knew my Brother in the Country, but they shant sham me, they shall find me a smoaky Thief: I vow 'twill be a very pretty Way: Bow wow, I warrant thee I'll do't.

Enter Belfond Junior, two Footmen, and Roger.

Sham. Who the Devil's here! Your Brother, Courage.

Cheat. Courage, be rough and haughty my Bumpkin.

Belf. Sen. Hey, where are all my Servants? Call 'em in. (*Capt. calls 'em.*)

Belf. Jun. Who is that in this House here, who usurps my Name, and is call'd Squire *Belfond*?

Belf. Sen. One who is call'd so without usurping. Bow wow.

Belf. Jun. Brother, Death do I dream! Can I trust my Senses Is this my Brother?

Belf. Sen. Ay, ay, I know I am transmography'd; but I am your very Brother, Ned.

Belf. Jun. Could you be so unkind, to come to Town, and not see your nearest Kindred, your Uncle, and my self?

Belf. Sen. I would not come to disgrace you, till my Equipage was all ready. Hey, *La Marr*, is my Coach at the Gate next to the Green-Dragon?

Valet. *Ony Monsieur.*

Belf. Sen. But I was resolv'd to give you a Visit to morrow Morning.

Belf. Jun. I should have been glad to have seen you anywhere but here.

Belf. Sen. But here! Why 'tis as good a Tavern as any's in Town. Sirrah fill some Bumpers: Here Brother, here's a *Face* to you: We'll Huzza; call in the Fidlers.

Belf. Jun. I am struck with Astonishment: Not all *Ovid's Metamorphosis* can shew such a one as this.

Belf. Sen. I see you wonder at my Change: What would you never have a Man learn Breeding adad? Should I always be kept a country Bubble, a *Caravan*, a *meer Putt*. I am brave and bowfy.

Belf. Jun. S'life! He has got the Cant too.

Belf. Sen. I shall be clear by and by: T'other Bumper Brother.

Belf. Jun. No, I'll drink no more; I hate drinking between Meals.

Belf. Sen. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Hate drinking between Meals! What Company do you keep? But 'tis all one. Here Brother, pray salute this pretty Rogue: I *manage* her, she is my *Natural*, my pure *Blowing*: I am resolv'd to be like a Gentleman and keep, Brother.

Belf. Jun. A thorough-pac'd *White-Friers* Man! (*Aside.* I never refuse to kiss a pretty Woman. (*Salutes her.*

Belf. Sen. This is Mrs. *Hackum*; I am much oblig'd to her; pray salute her.

Belf. Jun. What a Pox! Will he make me kiss the Bawd too. (*Salutes her.*

Belf. Sen. Brother now pray know these Gentlemen here; they are the prettiest Wits that are in Town; and between you and I Brother, brave gallant Fellows, and the best Friends I ever had in my Life: This is Mr. *Cheatly*, and this my Cousin *Shamwell*.

Belf. Jun. I know 'em, and am acquainted with their Worth. *Cheat*. Your humble Servant sweet Sir.

Sham. Your Servant Cousin.

Belf. Sen. And this is my dear Friend Captain *Hackum*: There

not a braver Fellow under the Sun.

Belf. Jun. By Heaven, a down-right Alsatian!

Belf. Sen. Come Musicians, strike up; and sing the Catch the Captain gave you, and we'll all joyn Faith. We can be merry together, and we can roar.

Hack. 'Tis a very pretty magnanimous military Business upon the Victory in Hungary.

*Hark, how the Duke of Lorraine comes,
The brave victorious Soul of War;
With Trumpets and with Kettle-Drums,
Like Thunder rolling from afar.*

*On the Left Wing the conquering Horse
The brave Bavarian Duke does lead;
These Heroes with united Force,
Fill all the Turkish Host with Dread.*

*Their bright Caparisons behold;
Rich Habits, Streamers, shining Arms,
The glittering Steel and burnt Shot Gold;
The Pomp of War with all its Charms.*

*With solemn March, and fatal Pace,
They bravely on the Foe press on;
The Cannons roar, the Shot take Place,
Whilst Smoke and Dust obscure the Sun.*

*The Horses neigh the Soldiers shout,
And now the furious Bodies joyn,
The Slaughter rages all about,
And Men in Groans their Blood resign.*

*The Weapons clash, the roaring Drum,
With Clanger of the Trumpets sound,
The Howls and Yells of Men o'ercome,
And from the neighbouring Hills rebound.*

*Now, now the Infidels give place,
Then all in Routs they headlong fly,
Heroes in Dust pursue the Chace,
While deafning Clamors rend the Sky.*

Belf. Sen. You see Brother what Company I keep: What's the Matter you are melancholly.

Belf. Jun. I am not a little troubled Brother, to find you in this cursed Company.

Belf. Sen. Hold Brother. if you love your Life; they are all dead: But that same Captain has kill'd his five Men.

Belf. Jun. Stout say you? This Fellow Cheatsly is the most no-

torious Rascal and Cheat that ever was out of a Dungeon : The Kinsman a most silly Bubble first, and afterwards a Betrayer of young Heirs, of which they have not ruin'd less than two Hundred, and made 'em run out their Estates before they came to 'em.

Belf. Sen. Brother, do you love your Life ? The Captain's Lyon !

Belf. Jun. An As, is he not ? He is a Ruffian, and Cock-baw to that Hen.

Cheat. If you were not the Brother to my dearest Friend, I know what my Honour would prompt me to. (*Walks in a Hurry*)

Sham. My dear Cousin, thou shalt now find how entirely I am thine : My Honour will not let me strike thy Brother.

Hack. But that the Punctilio's of Honour are sacred to me, which tell me nothing can provoke me against the Brother of my noble Friend, I had whipt him through the Lungs ere this.

Belf. Sen. Well, never Man met with such true such loving Friends.

Belf. Jun. Look you Brother, will this convince you, that you are fallen into the Hands of Fools, Knaves, Scoundrels and Cowards.

Belf. Sen. Fools ! Nay there I am sure you are out ; they are all deep, they are very deep and sharp, sharp as Needles, and as the wittiest Men in England. Here's Mr. *Cheatly* in the first Place shall sham and banter with you or any one you will bring for 500*l.* of my Money.

Belf. Jun. Rascally Stuff, fit for no Places but *Ram-alley*, or *Pye-corner*.

Belf. Sen. Perswade me to that ; they are the merriest Companions, and the truest Friends to me : 'Tis well for you and that they are so ; for they are all of 'em as stout as *Hector*.

Belf. Jun. This is most amazing.

Sham. Did I not tell you he would envy your Condition and be very angry with us that put you into't

Cheat. He must needs be a kind Brother : We prove our selves your true Friends, and have that Respect for your Blood, that we will let none of it out, where-e'er we meet it upon any Cause.

Belf. Sen. You see Brother how their Love prevails over their Valour.

Belf. Jun. Their Valour ! Look you Brother, (*Kicks Cheat*) here's Valour.

Cheat. I understand Honour and Breeding, besides I have been let Blood to day.

Sham. Nothing shall make me transgress the Rules of Honour I say.

Belf. Jun. Here, where are you, Sirrah Kill-Cow (*Takes Hackum by the Nose, and leads him*)

Hack. 'Tis no matter; I know Honour: I know Pundilio's Hair. You owe your Life to your Brother; besides, I am the second to a dear Friend, and preserve my Vigour for his service: but for all that were he not your Brother——

Belf. Jun. Will not this convince you, Brother, of their Cowardice?

Belf. Sen. No, I think not; for I am sure they are Valiant; it convinces me of their Respect and Friendship to me: My best Friends, let me embrace you: a thousand thanks to you.

Belf. Jun. I will redeem him yet from these Rascals if I can: they are upon the Brink of Ruine, if you go not off with me, I'll reconcile your self to my Father; I'll undertake it upon good Terms.

Belf. Sen. No, I thank you: I'll see no Father; he shall use me no more like a Dog: he shall put upon me no longer. Look Sir, I have *Ready, Rhino, Cole, Darby*; look here Sir!

Belf. Jun. Dear Brother, let me persuade you to go along with me.

Belf. Sen. You love me! and use my best Friends thus? ne'er I desire none of your Company: I'll stick to my Friends: look upon what you have done as an Affront to me.

Hack. No doubt it is so.

Sham. That's most certain; you are in the right, Cousin.

Cheat. We love you but too well, that angers him.

Belf. Jun. Well, I shall take my leave: You are in your Cups: you will wish you had heard me. Rogues, I shall take a Course with you.

Belf. Sen. Rogues! They scorn your Words.

Belf. Jun. Fare you well.

Belf. Sen. Fare you well Sir, and you be at that Sport.

Belf. Jun. *Roger*, do not discover him to my Father yet; I'll look with him cool in a Morning first; perhaps I may redeem him.

Roger. I'll do as you'll have me. *Ex. Belf. Jun. Roger & 2 Foot.*

Belf. Sen. So now we are free. Dear Friends, I never can be grateful enough: But 'tis late, I must shew my new Coach: my Ladies.

Exeunt.

Enter Attorney and Lucia.

Attor. How now, Daughter *Lucia*, where hast thou been?

Luc. I have been at Evening Prayers at St. Bride's, and am going Home through the Temple.

Attor. Thou art my good Girl.

Enter Mrs. Termagant.

Luc. Oh Heaven! Who's here!

Attor. What's the Matter?

Luc. I am taken all on the sudden: I'll run Home.

Term. Stay, stay; thou wicked Author of my Misfortune.

Attor.

Attor. How's this ? Stay *Lucia* ! What mean you Madam The Girl's strangely disorder'd.

Luc. Oh Heaven ! I am utterly ruin'd, beyond Redemption.

Term. Is she your Daughter, Sir ?

Attor. She is.

Term. Then hear my Story : I am contracted with all the Iemnity that can be to Mr. *Belfond*, the Merchant's Son ; and this wicked Girl he has lately cast me off : And this Morning went to his Lodging, to enquire a Reason of his late Carriage me, I found there in his Closet this young shameless Creature who had been in Bed with him.

Attor. Oh Heaven and Earth ! Is this true, Hufwife ?

Luc. Oh Lord I : I never saw the Gentleman nor her in Life : Oh she's a Confident Thing !

Term. May all the Judgments due to Perjury fall on me this be not true : I tore her by the Hair, and pomell'd her some Tune ; 'till that inhumane Wretch, *Belfond*, turn'd me out of Doors, and sent her away in a Chair.

Luc. O wicked Creature ! Are you not afraid the Earth should open and swallow you up ? As I hope to be say'd I ne saw her ?

Term. Tho' young in Years, yet old in Impudence ; did I pursue thee since in the Street, 'till you run into *Belfond's* Alley just before his Father's House ? Or I had mark'd thee for a young Whore.

Luc. As I hope to live Sir, 'tis all false ; every Word and Thing of it : I know not what she means.

Attor. Have I bestow'd so much, and taken so much Care Education, to have no other Fruit but this ?

Luc. Oh Lord, Sir ! Why will you believe this wicked Woman ?

Attor. No, young Impudence ! I believe you : What made you ready to Swoon at the Sight of this Lady, but your Guilt.

Luc. She mistakes me for some other, as she did to Day when she pursu'd me to have kill'd me ; which made me tremble at the Sight of her now.

Attor. And yet you never saw her before ! I am convinced Go, wicked Wretch, go Home : This News will kill thy Mother : I'll to my Chamber, and follow thee.

Luc. But if I ever see her, or you either, to be lock'd from dear *Belfond* : I shall deserve whatever you can do to me.

Attor. Madam, I beseech you make as few Words as you can of this.

Term. I had much rather for my own Honour have conceal'd her. But I shall say no more, provided you will keep her from him.

Attor. I warrant you, Madam, I'll take a Course with Your Servant.

Enter Cheatly.

Cheat. Madam, your most humble Servant: You see I am
factual to my Word.

Term. You are, Sir.

Cheat. Come Madam, your Lodging, Furniture, and every
thing are ready, let's loose no Time: I'll wait on you thither,
where we will consult about our Affairs.

Term. Come on: It is a rare Design; and if it succeeds, I shall
efficiently be reveng'd on my Ungrateful Devil.

Cheat. I'll warrant thee Success.

Exeunt.

Enter Isabella and Tiresia.

Isab. We must be very careful of this Book: My Uncle, or
my Dame Governante will burn it if they find it.

Teres. We cannot have a pleasant, or a Witty Book, but
it serves it so: My Father loads us with Books, such as the
Moral of Man, in the Isle of Man, or Man-shire: A Treatise on
Bath-Breakers: And health out-drinking, or Life out-health-
Wretches: A Caustick, or Corrosive, for a Sear'd Conscience.

Isab. A Sovereign Oyntment for a Wounded Soul: A Cor-
rective for a sick Sinner; The Nothingness of good Works; Wax-
Boot Grace, for the *Suffex* ways of Affliction; and a deal of
other stuff; But all Novels, Romances, or Poetry, except *Quarles*
and *Withers*, are an Abomination. Well, this is a Jewel; if
I can keep it.

Enter Ruth behind them.

Anger in hasty Words or Blows,

It self discharges on our Foes;

And Sorrow too, finds some Relief

In Tears, which wait upon our grief:

Thus every Passion, but fond Love.

Unto its own Redress does move.

Teres. 'Tis sweet Poetry; There is a pleasing Charm in all he
writes.

She snatches the Book.

Ruth. Yea there is a Charm of Satan's in it; 'Tis Vanity and
darkness, this Book hateth, and is contrary to the Light; and
I hate the Light.

Isab. That's much and this Evening a little before Night;
thou blamest us for looking out of the Window, and threaten'd
to shut the painted Shashes.

Tere. Now if thou shut'st those; thou hatest the Light and
not we.

Ruth. Look thee *Teresia*, thou art wanton, and so is thy
cousin *Isabella*; ye seek Temptation; you look out of the Case-
ment to pick and cull young Men, whereby to feed the Lust of
the Eye: Ye may not do it. And look thee *Isbel*, and *Teresia*,
you open the Casements once more, I will place ye in the back
rooms, and lock the fore Rooms up.

Tere.

Tere. We will obey thee *Ruth*.

Isab. We will not resist thy Power: But prithee leave us
Book.

Ruth. No, it is wanton, and treateth of Love: I will instantly commit it to the Flames.

Isab. Shame on this old Wall-ey'd Hypocrite: She is the fittest sort of Goaler.

Tere. We are as narrowly 'look'd to, as if we had been caught up for Treason; we are kept from Books, Pen, Ink, and Paper.

Isab. Well it is a most painful Life to dissemble constantly.

Tere. 'Tis well we are often alone, to unbend to one another: one had as good be a Player, and act continually else.

Isab. I can never persuade my self that Religion can come in scurvy out of fashion Cloaths, stiff constrain'd Behaviour, and fowre Countenances.

Tere. A trifling Aspect, looking always upon ones Nose, with a Face full of Spiritual Pride.

Isab. And when one walks abroad, not to turn ones Head the right or left, but hold it strait forward, like an Old blind Mare.

Tere. True Religion must make one cheerful, and affect one with the most ravishing Joy which must appear in the Face.

Isab. My good Mother had the Government, and brought me up to better Things, as thy good Aunt did thee.

Tere. But we can make no use of our Education under this Tyranny.

Isab. If we should sing or dance, 'twere worse than Murder.

Tere. But of all Things, why do they make such a stir to keep us from the Conversation of Mankind? Sure there must be more in it then we can imagine; and that makes one have more Mind to try.

Isab. Thou hast been so unquiet in the Sleep of late, and given to sigh, and get alone when thou art awake: I fancy thou dost imagine somewhat of it.

Tere. Ah Rogue, and I have observ'd the same in thee: Canst thou not guess at Love? Come, confess, and I'll tell all.

Isab. Sometimes in my Dreams, methinks I am in love, that a certain Youth comes to me, and I grow chill, and pant, and feel a little Pain; but 'tis the prettiest Thing methinks: And then I wake and blush, and am afraid.

Tere. Very pretty: And when I am awake, when I see a Gentleman, methinks I could look through him: And my Heart beats, beats like the Drums in the Camp.

Isab. I dare not ask who it is, for fear it should be my Master: for there are two come often to our Church, that stare at us continually, and one of them is he.

Tere. I have observ'd 'em; one who sate by us at Church
new 'em by their Names: I am for one of 'em too.

Isab. I well remember it.

Tere. If it be any Man thou lik'st, I'll kill thee.

Isab. And if thou lov'st my Man, we must not live together.

Tere. Name him.

Isab. Do thou name first.

Tere. Let's write their Names.

*They write their Papers,
and give 'em to one another,
at which they both
speak together and start.*

Isab. Agree: We have each a
Black-Lead Pen.

Tere. *Truman*, Mercy on me.

Isab. *Belfond*, Oh Heaven's!

Tere. What's this I see! Would I were blind.

Isab. Oh my *Teresia*!

Tere. Get thee from me.

Isab. 'Tis as it should be; I wrote the wrong Name, on
purpose to discover who was your Man more clearly; the
other's my Beloved. *Belfond's* my Heart's Delight.

Tere. Say'st thou so, my Girl! good Wits jump. I had the
same Thought with thee. Now 'tis out, *Truman* for me; and
methinks they keep such a staring at us, if we contrive to meet
'em, we need not despair.

Isab. Nay, they come not for Devotion, that's certain; I see
that in their Eyes; Oh that they were ordain'd to free us from
this odious Goal.

Enter Ruth, and Truman disguis'd.

Ruth. Go into your Chamber; here is a Man cometh about
Business: You may not see him.

Tere. We go: Come Cousin.

Ruth. Come Friend, let us retire also.

(Exeunt.)

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Belfond Junior, and Lucia.

Luc. I Never more must see the Face of a Relation.

Belf. Jun. I warrant thee my pretty Rogue, I'll put
thee into that Condition the best of all thy Kindred shall visit
thee, and make their Court to thee; thou shalt spark it in the
Boxes, shine in the Park, and make all the young Fellows in the
Town run mad for thee: Thou shalt never want, while I have
anything.

Luc. I cou'd abandon all the World for thee; if I cou'd think
that

that thou wouldst love me always.

Belf. Jun. Thou hast so kindly oblig'd me, I shall never cease to love thee.

Luc. Pray Heaven I do not repent of it: You were kind to Mrs. *Termagant*; and sure it must be some barbarous Usage which thus provokes her now to all this Malice.

Belf. Jun. She was debauch'd by the most nauseous Coxcomb the most silly Beau and Shape about the Town; and had cuckolded him with several before I had her: She was indeed handsome, but the most froward, ill-natur'd Creature, always murmuring or scolding, perpetually jealous and exceptionous, even thinking to work her Ends by hectoring and daring.

Luc. Indeed! Was she such a one? I am sure you were the first that ever had my Heart, and you shall be the last.

Belf. Jun. My Dear, I know I had thy Virgin Heart, and I'll preserve it. But for her, her most diverting Minutes were unpleasant: Yet for all her Malice which you see, I still maintain her.

Luc. Ungrateful Creature! She is indeed a Fury. Shouldst thou once take thy Love from me, I never shou'd use such Ways: I silently shou'd mourn and pine away, but never think of once offending thee.

Belf. Jun. Thou art the prettiest, sweetest, softest Creature And all the tenderest Joys that wait on Love are ever with thee.

Luc. Oh, this is charming Kindness! May all the Joys on Earth be still with thee.

Belf. Jun. (*Aside.*) Now here's a Mischief on the other Side; for how can a good natur'd Man think of ever quitting so tender, and so kind a Mistress, whom no Respect, but Love has thrown into my Arms: And yet I must; but I will better her Condition. Oh, how does my Friend? *Enter Truman.*

Luc. Oh Lord! Who's here?

Belf. Jun. My Dear, go to the Lodging I have prepar'd for thee, thou wilt be safe, and I'll wait on thee soon. Who's there?

Enter Servants.

Do you wait on this Ladies Chair, you know whither.

Tru. Thou art a pretty Fellow, *Belfond*, to take thy Pleasure thus, and put thy Friend upon the damndest Drudgery.

Belf. Jun. What Drudgery? A little dissembling.

Tru. Why, That were bad enough to dissemble my self an Als; but to dissemble Love, nay Lust, is the most irksome Task a Man can undergo.

Belf. Jun. But prithee come to the Point: In short, have we any Hopes?

Tru. 'Tis done, the Business is done: Whip on your Habit, make no Words.

Belf.

Belf. Jun. I'll put it on in my Dressing-room. This News transports me.

Tru. If you had undergone what I have done, 'twould have humbled you : I have enjoy'd a Lady ; but I had as leive have had a *Lancashire* Witch, just after she had alighted from a Broomstaff : I have been uncivil, and enjoy'd the Governante in most lewd dalliance.

Belf. Jun. Thou art a brave Fellow, and makest nothing of it.

Tru. Nothing ! S'death, I had rather have storm'd a *Half-Moon* : I had more Pleasure at the Battle of *Mons*.

Belf. Jun. But hast thou done our Work as well as hers ?

Tru. I have ; for after the Enjoyment of her Person had led me into some Familiarity with her, I propos'd, she accepted, for she is covetous as well as amorous ; and she has so far wrought for us, that we shall have an Interview with our Mistresses ; whom, she says, we shall find very inclinable ; and she has promis'd this Night to deliver 'em into our Hands.

Belf. Jun. Thou art a rare Friend to me, and to thy self. Now farewel all the Vanity of this lewd Town, at once I quit you all. Dear Rogue, let's in.

Tru. Come in, in and dress in your Habit. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Sir William, Sir Edward and Scrapeall.

Scrape. Look ye *Sir William*, I am glad you like my Neece ; and I hope also, that she may look lovely in your Son's Eyes.

Sir Edw. No doubt but he will be extremely taken with her : Indeed both she and your Daughter are very beautiful.

Sir Will. He like her ! What's matter whether he like her or no ? Is it not enough for him, that I do ? Is a Son, a Boy, a Jackanapes, to have a Will of his own ? That were to have him be the Father, and I the Son. But indeed they are both very handsome.

Scrape. Let me tell you both, *Sir William*, and *Sir Edward*, Beauty is but Vanity, a meer nothing ; but they have that which will never fade, they have Grace.

Sir Edw. They look like pretty spirited witty Girls. (*Aside.*)

Scrape. I am sorry I must leave thee so soon ; I thought to have bidden thee to Dinner, but I am to pay down a sum of Money upon a Mortgage this Afternoon : Farewel.

Sir Will. Farewel Mr. *Scrapeall*.

Sir Edw. Pray meet my Brother at my House at Dinner.

Scrape. Thank you *Sir Edward*, I know not but I may.

Sir Edw. The Person of this Girl is well chosen for your Son, if she were not so precise and pure.

Sir Will. Prithce, what matter what she is, has not she fifteen thousand Pounds clear ?

Sir Edw. For a Husband to differ in Religion from a Wife.

Sir Will. What, with fifteen thousand Pound?

Sir Edw. A precise Wife will think her self so pure, she will be apt to condemn her Husband.

Sir Will. Ay, But fifteen thousand Pound, Brother.

Sir Edw. You know how intractable misguided Zeal and spiritual Pride are.

Sir Will. What with fifteen thousand Pound!

Sir Edw. I would not willingly my Son should have her.

Sir Will. Not with fifteen thousand Pound?

Sir Edw. I see there's no Answer to be given to fifteen thousand Pound.

Sir Will. A Pox o'this Godly-knave, it should have been Twenty.

Sir Edw. Nor would I buy a Wife for my Son.

Sir Will. Not if you could have her a good Penniworth: Your Son quoth ye; he is like to make a fine Husband. For all your precious Son——

Sir Edw. Agen, Brother?

Sir Will. Look you, Brother, you fly out so: Pray, Brother, be not passionate; Passion drowns ones Parts; let us calmly reason; I have fresh Matter, have but Patience, and hear me speak.

Sir Edw. Well Brother, go on; for I see I might as soon stop a Tyde.

Sir Will. To be calm and patient; your Jewel, tho' he deny'd that Outrage in *Dorset-Court*, yet he committed it, and was last Night hurry'd before the Lord Chief Justice for it.

Sir Edw. It cannot be, on my certain knowledge. I could convince him, but it is not time. *(Aside.)*

Sir Will. What a Devil, are all the World mistaken but you?

Sir Edw. He was with me all this Evening.

Sir Will. Why, he got Bail immediately; and came to you. Ounds, I never saw such a Man in my Life!

Sir Edw. I am assur'd of the contrary.

Sir Will. Death and Hell, you make me stark mad! You will send me to *Bedlam*: You will not believe your own Senses: I'll hold you a thousand Pound.

Sir Edw. Brother, remember Passion drowns ones Parts.

Sir Will. Well, I am tame, I am cool.

Sir Edw. I'll hold you a hundred, which is enough for one Brother to win of another. *Enter Attorney.*

And here's your own Attorney comes opportunely enough to hold Stakes. I'll bind it with ten.

Sir Will. Done.

Sir Edw. Why, I saw your Man Roger, and he says, your Son found there a Rascal, that went by his Name.

Attor. Oh, Sir William, I am undone, ruin'd, made a miserable Man.

Sir

Sir Will. What's the Matter Man?

Attor. Tho' you have been an exceeding good Clyent to me, I have Reason to curse one of your Family that has ruin'd mine.

Sir Will. Pray explain your self.

Attor. Oh, Sir, your wicked Son, your most Libidinous Son.

Sir Will. Look you, Brother, D'ye hear? D'ye hear? Do you Answer?

Attor. He's corrupted, debauch'd my only Daughter, whom I had brought up with all the Care and Charge I cou'd; who was the Hopes, the Joy of all our Family.

Sir Will. Here's a Son! Here's a rare Son! Here's a hopeful Son! And he were mine, I'd lash him with a Dog-Whip: I'd cool his Courage.

Sir Edw. How do you know it is he?

Attor. I have a Witness of it, that saw her rise from his Bed the other Day Morning; and last Night she ran away to him, and they have lain at a private Lodging.

Sir Edw. Be well assur'd, ere you conclude; for there is a Rascal that has taken my Son's Name, and has swagger'd in and about *White-Fryers*, with *Cheatly*, and that Gang of Rogues, whom my Son will take a Course with.

Attor. Oh, Sir, I am too well assur'd: My Wife tears her Hair; and I, for my part shall run distracted.

Sir Will. Oh, wicked Rascal! Oh, my poor *Tim*! My dear Boy *Tim*! I think each Day a Year, till I see thee.

Sir Edw. Sir, I am extreemly sorry for this, if it be so; but let me beg of you, play the part of a wise Man; blaze not this Dishonour abroad, and you shall have all the Reparation the Case is capable of.

Sir Will. Reparation, for making his Daughter a Whore! What a Pox, can he give her her Maiden-head again?

Sir Edw. Money, which shall not be wanting, will stop that Witness's Mouth: And I will give your Daughter such a Fortune, that were what you believe true and publicly known, she should live above Contempt, as the World goes now.

Attor. You speak like the worthy Gentleman the World thinks you; but there can be no Salve for this Sore.

Sir Will. Why, you are enough to damn Forty Sons, if you had 'em; you encourage 'em to whore: You are fit to breed up Youth!

Sir Edw. You are mad: But pray Sir, let me intreat you to go home, and I will come and wait upon you; and we will consult how to make the best of this Misfortune, in which I assure you, I have a great Share.

Attor. I will submit to your wise Advice, Sir: my Grief had made me forget: Here is a Letter comes out of the Country for you.

(Exit Attorney.)

Sir

Sir Will. For me! 'Tis welcome; now for News from my dear Boy! Now you shall hear, Brother; he is a Son indeed.

Sir Edw. Yes, a very hopeful one: I will not undeceive him, till Ned has try'd once more to recover him. *(Aside.*

Sir Will. *(Reads.)* On the Tenth of this Month, your Son, my young Master, about two of the Clock in the Morning, rode out with his Man Lolpoop; and notwithstanding all the Search and Enquiry we can make *(Oh Heaven)* he cannot be found or heard of. *(He drops the Letter not able to hold it.*

Sir Edw. How's this?

Sir Will. Oh, my poor Boy! He is robb'd and murder'd, and buried in some Ditch, or flung into some Pond. Oh, I shall never see thee more, dear Tim! The Joy, and the Support of all my Life! The only Comfort which I had on Earth.

Sir Edw. Have Patience Brother; 'tis nothing but a little Ramble in your Absence.

Sir Will. Oh no; he durst not ramble; he was the dutifullest Child! I shall never see his Face again: Look you, he goes on; We have search'd and made Enquiry in three adjacent Countries, and no Tydings can be heard of him. What have I done, that Heaven should thus afflict me?

Sir Edw. What, if after all, this Son should be he that has made all this Noise in *White-Fryers*, for which mine has been so blam'd?

Sir Will. My Son, my Son play such Pranks? That's likely! One so strictly, so soberly educated! One that's educated your way cannot do otherwise.

Enter Roger.

Roger. Sir, Sir, Sir, Mercy upon me, here's my young Master's Man Lolpoop, coming along in the Street with a Wench.

Enter Lolpoop leading Betty under the Arm.

Sir Will. Oh Heaven! What say you?

Sir Edw. Now it works: Ha ha ha. *(to himself.*

Betty. How now! What have you to say to my Friend, my Dear?

Sir William lays hold on Lolpoop ere he or she sees him. Sir William and Lolpoop start, and stand amaz'd at one another; and after a great Pause, Sir William falls upon Lolpoop, beats the Whore, beats Roger, strikes at his Brother, and lays about him like a Mad-man; the Rabble get all about him.

Sir Will. Sirrah, Rogue, Dog, Villian, Whore, and you Rogue, Rogue! Confound the World: Oh that the World were all on fire.

Sir Edw. Brother, for shame be more temperate: Are you a Mad-man?

Sir Will. Plague o' your dull Philosophy.

Sir Edw. The Rabble are gather'd together about you.

Sir Will. Villain, Rogue, Dog, Toad, Serpent, where's my Sirrah, you have robb'd him, and murder'd him.

He beats Lolpoop, who roars out Murder.

Lolp. Hold, hold, your Son is alive, and alive like: He's in London.

Sir Will. What say you, Sirrah? In London? And is he well? Thanks be to Heaven for that: Where is he Sirrah?

Lolp. He is in *White-Fryers*, with Mr. *Cheatly*, his Cousin *Smwell*, and Captain *Hackum*. *(Sir William pauses as amazed: Then beats him again.)*

Sir Will. And you Rogue, you damn'd Dog, wou'd you suffer to keep such Company, and commit such villanous Actions?

Lolp. Hold, hold, hold, I pray you, Sir; I am but a Servant, how cou'd I help it, marry?

Sir Will. You cou'd not help being with a Whore your self; *ugh, Sirrah, Sirrah.* Here honest Mob, course this Whore to her Purpose. A Whore, a Whore, a Whore. *(She runs out, the Rabble run after, and tear her, crying, a Whore, a Whore.)*

Sir Edw. This is wisely done! If they murder her you'll be hang'd: I am in Commission for *Middlesex*, I must see to appease 'em.

Sir Will. Sirrah, Rogue, bring me to my Son instantly, or I'll cut your Throat. *(Exeunt.)*

Enter Isabella, Teresa, Ruth.

Isab. Dear *Ruth*, thou dost for ever oblige us.

Tere. And so much, that none but our own Mothers cou'd do it more.

Ruth. Oblige your selves, and be not silly, coy, and nice: like me when the Iron's hot, I say. They have great Estates, and are both Friends, I know both their Families and Conditions.

Enter Belfond Jun. and Truman.

Here they are: Welcome Friends.

Tru. How dost thou?

Ruth. These are the Damsels, I will retire, and watch, lest the Old Man surprize. *(Ex. Ruth.)*

Belf. Jun. Look thee, *Isabella*, I come to confer with thee, a Matter which concerneth us both, if thou be'st free.

Isab. Friend, 'tis like I am.

Tru. And mine with thee is of the same Nature.

Tere. Proceed.

Belf. Jun. Something within me whispereth, that we were made as helps for one another.

Tere. They act very well, Cousin.

Isab. For young Beginners. Come, leave off your *Canaanitish* dialect, and talk like the Inhabiters of this World.

Tere. We are as errant Hypocrites as the best of you.

Isab. We were bred otherwise than you see, and are able to hear you talk like Gentlemen.

Tere. You come to our Meeting like Sparks and Beaux, and never could perceive much Devotion in you.

Isab. 'Tis such a Pain to dissemble, that I am resolv'd I'll never do it but when I must.

Belf. Jun. Dear Madam, I cou'd wish all Forms were laid aside betwixt us: But in short, I am most infinitely in love with you, and must be for ever miserable if I go without you.

Isab. A frank and hearty Declaration, which you make with so much Confidence, I warrant you have been us'd to it.

Tru. There is not a Difficulty in the World which I would stop at to obtain your love, the only thing on Earth cou'd make me happy.

Tere. And you are as much in Earnest now, as you were when you came first to us even now.

Isab. That's well urg'd: Cannot you Gentlemen counter Love, as well as Religion?

Belf. Jun. Love is so natural, it cannot be affected.

Tru. To show you mine is so, take me at my Word; I'm ready to render on Discretion.

Tere. And was this the Reason you frequented our Parish Church?

Belf. Jun. Cou'd you think our Business was to hear your Teacher spin out an Hour, over a Velvet Cushion?

Isab. Profane Men! I warrant they came to Ogle.

Tru. Even so; our Eyes might tell you what we came for.

Belf. Jun. In short, dear Madam, our Opportunities are so to be so few, your Confinement being so close, that 'tis fit we make use of this; 'tis not your Fortune which I aim at, my Uncle will make a Settlement equal to it, were it more; but 'tis your charming Person.

Isab. And you wou'd have me a fine forward Lady, to lose my Time Extempore.

Belf. Jun. Madam you have but few Minutes to make use of, and therefore should improve those few: Your Uncle has set you for 5000 *l.* and for ought I know, you have not this Night good for your deliverance.

Tru. Consider Ladies, if you had not better trust a couple of honest Gentlemen, than an Old Man, that makes his Market of you; for I can tell you, you tho' his own Daughter, are sold too.

Tere. But for all that, our Consents are to be had.

Belf. Jun. You can look for nothing, but a more strict Confinement, which must follow your Refusal: Now, if you have the Courage to venture an Escape, we are the Knights that will

Ter. I have an Estate, Madam, equal to your Fortune : But nothing can deserve your Love : But I'll procure your freedom, then use it as you please.

Belf. Jun. If you are unwilling to trust us, you can trust our Governels, whom you shall have with you.

Isa. And what wou'd you and the World say of us for this ?

Belf. Jun. We should Adore you : And I am apt to think the World wou'd not condemn your Choice.

Ter. But I am sure, all the World will condemn your Design, in the condition you are in.

Enter Ruth.

Ruth. I see Mr. *Scrapeall* coming at the end of the Street : Begon, I'll bring them to your Chamber in the Temple, this evening. Haste, haste out at the Back-door.

Belf. Jun. This is most unfortunate.

Ter. Dear Madam, let me Seal my Vows.

Ruth. Go, go : begon, begon, Friends.

(Exeunt.)

Enter Scrapeall, crosses the Stage ; enter Mrs. Termagant and her Brother.

Term. You see, Brother, we have dogg'd *Belfond*, 'till we saw him enter the House of this Scrivener with his Friend *Truman*, both in disguises ; which with what we have heard even now, at the neighbouring Alehouse, convinces me, that he is to marry the rich Niece.

Bro. They say she is to be Marry'd to the Son of Sir *William Belfond*, and that Sir *William* gives a great Sum of Mony to her Uncle for her ; by this it should seem to be the Elder Son, and not our Enemy, who is disguis'd for her.

Term. If so, the Villain would not at full day go thither.

Bro. But 'tis in a disguise.

Term. With that, I suppose the Son pretends to be a Puritan, so, or she would not have him ; it must be he. And if you will do as I directed you, I warrant I'll break off his Match ; and by that work an Exquisite piece of Revenge.

Bro. I am wholly at your dispose.

Term. Now is the time, the Door opens ; pursue me with a drawn Dagger, with all the seeming Fury imaginable, now as the Old Man comes out.

Scrapeall passes over the Stage.

Brother pursues her with a drawn Dagger, she runs and gets into the House, and claps the Door after her.

Enter within, Ruth, Teresa, Isabella, Termagant.

Bro. Where is the Jade ? Deliver her to me, I'll cut her in three meal : Deliver her, I say. Well, you will not deliver her ; I shall watch her.

Term. Oh, Oh ! Where is the Murderer ? Where is he ? I die with fear, I die.

Ruth.

Ruth. Prithce, Woman, Comfort thy self, no Man shall thee here. Take a Sup of this Bottle.

She pulls out a Silver Strong-Water Bo

Ter. Thou art safe.

Isa. We will defend thee here, as in a Castle. But what the occasion of this Man's Fury?

Term. You are so generous, in giving me this Succour, promising my Defence, that I am resolv'd not to conceal it from you. Tho' I must confess, I have no reason to boast of it; I hope your Charity will interpret it as well as you can on my side.

Ruth. Go on: Thou need'st not fear.

Term. Know then, I am a Gentlewoman, whose Parents dying when I was sixteen, left me a moderate Fortune, yet able to maintain me like their Daughter. I chose an Aunt my Guardian, one of those Jolly Widows who love Gaming, and had great Resort in the Evenings at their Houses.

Ruth. Good: Proceed.

Term. There it was my Misfortune to be acquainted with a young Gentleman, whose Face, Air, Mein, Shape, Wit, and Breeding, not I alone, but the whole Town admires.

Ruth. Very good.

Term. By all his Looks, his Gestures, and Addresses, I seem'd in Love with me: The Joy that I conceiv'd at this, wanted Cunning to conceal, but he must needs perceive it flash in my Eyes, and kindle in my Face; he soon began to court me in such sweet, such charming Words, as wou'd betray a more experienc'd Heart than mine.

Ruth. Humh: Very well; she speaks notably.

Term. There was but little left for him to do, for I had done it all before for him: He had a Friend within too ready to give up the Fort; yet I held out as long as I could make Defence.

Ruth. Good lack a day! Some Men have strange Charms, and is confess'd.

Term. Yet I was safe by solemn mutual Oaths, in private we were contracted: He wou'd have it private, because he fear'd to offend an Uncle, from whom he had great expectance; but now came all my Misery.

Ruth. Alack, alack, I warrant he was false.

Term. False as a Crocodile: He watch'd the fatal Minute and he found it, and greedily seiz'd upon me, when I trusted to his Honour and his Oaths; he still swore on, that he wou'd marry me, and I sinn'd on: In short I had a Daughter by him now three Years old, as true a Copy as e'er Nature drew, Beauceous, and Witty to a Miracle.

Ruth.

Ruth. Nay, Men are faithless, I can speak it.

Tere. Poor Lady ; I am strangely concern'd for her.

Isa. She was a Fool to be catch'd in so common a Snare.

Term. From time to time he swore he wou'd marry me ; though I must think I am his Wife as much as any Priest can make me ; but still he found Excuses about his Uncle. I wou'd patiently waited 'till his Uncle's Death, had he been true ; he has thrown me off, abandon'd me, without so much as pretended Crime.

Ruth. Alack, and well-a-day ! It makes me weep.

Term. But 'tis for an Attorney's Daughter, whom he keeps, and now is fond of ; while he treats me with all Contempt and hatred.

Isa. Tho' she was a Fool, yet he's a base inhuman Fellow.

Tere. To scorn and hate her, for her Love to him.

Term. By this means my Dishonour, which had been yet conceal'd, became so publick, my Brother coming from the Parts of *Hungary* has heard all, has this Day fought with the Author of my Misery, but was disarm'd ; and now by Accident he spied me by your House, I having fled the place where I lodg'd, for fear of him ; and here the Bloody Man would have kill'd me, for the Dishonour done to his Family, which never yet was blemish'd.

Ruth. Get the Chief Justices Warrant, and bind him to the stake.

Tere. She tells her Story well.

Isa. 'Tis a very odd one ; but she expresses it so sensibly, I cannot but believe her.

Term. If they do not ask me who this is, I have told my tale in vain. Now Ladies I hope you have Charity enough to pardon the Weakness of a poor Young Woman, who suffers shame enough within.

Tere. We shall be glad to do you what Kindness we can.

Term. Oh, had you seen this most bewitching Person, so beautiful, witty, and well bred, and full of most Gentlemanlike Qualities, you wou'd be the readier to have Compassion on her.

Isa. Pray, who is it ?

Term. Alas, 'tis no secret, it is *Belfond*, who calls Sir *Edward Belfond* Father, but is his Nephew.

Isa. What do I hear ? Was ever Woman so unfortunate as I, for her first Love.

Tere. 'Tis most unlucky.

Term. That is the Niece : I see 'twas he who was to marry her.

Isa. But I am glad I have thus early heard it : I'll never see his Face more.

Ruth.

Ruth. All this is false : He is a pious Man, and true Pro-
for. This vile Woman will break the Match off, and undo
Hopes.

Term. 'Tis as I thought. He is a Ranting Blade, a Ro-
of the Town.

Ruth. Come you are an idle Woman, and belye him ; be-
out of the Doors ; there's the back-way, you need not pre-
Fear of your Brother.

Term. I am oblig'd enough in the present Defence you g-
me : I intended not to trouble you long ; but Heav'n can w-
ness what I say is true.

Isa. Do you hear Cousin ! 'tis most certain, I'll never
him.

Ruth. Go, wicked Woman, go, what evil Spirit sent t-
hither ? I say begon.

Term. I go. I care not what she says, it works where
would have it. Your Servant Ladies.

Ruth. Go, go, thou wicked Slanderer.

Teref. See him but once, to hear what he can say in his
fence.

Isa. Yes, to hear him lye, as all the Sex will : Persuade
not ; I am fix'd.

Ruth. Look thee, *Isabella.*

Isa. I am resolv'd.

Exit Isabella haste

Tere. Dear *Ruth*, thou dearest Friend, whom once we to-
for our most cruel Goaler, let's follow, and help me to co-
vince her of her Error ; but I am resolv'd, if she be stubbo-
to undo her self, she shall not ruine me : I will escape.

Ruth. Let us persuade her.

Exeunt

Enter Belfond Sen. and Hackum.

Belf. Sen. Captain, call all my Servants, why don't t-
wait ?

Enter Margaret, and Mrs. Hackum with a Cawdle.
O, my pure Blowing, my Convenient, my Tackle !

Marg. How dost thou, my Dear ?

Mrs. Hack. I have brought you a Cawdle here ; there's
ber-greese in it, 'tis a rare refreshing, strengthening thing.

Belf. Sen. What, adad, you take me for a Bridegroom
icorn a Cawdle, give me some Cherry brandy, I'll drink
Health in a Bumper : Do thee eat this, Child.

Mrs. Hack. I have that at Hand—here, Sir.

She fetches the Brand

Enter Captain Hack, and Servants.

Belf. Sen. Come, my dear Natural, here's a Bumper
Cherry-brandy to thy Health ; but first let me kiss thee, my
Rogue.

Enter Sir William.

Sir Will. Some Thunderbolt light on my Head ; what's this fee ?

Belf. Sen. My Father !

Enter Cheatly and Shamwell.

Sir Will. Hey, here's the whole Kennel of Hell-hounds.

Cheat. Bear up to him, bow, wow.

Shamw. Do not flinch, bow, wow.

Belf. Sen. Bow, wow, bow, wow.

Sir Will. Most impudent abandon'd Rascal ; let me go, let me come at him ; audacious Varlet, how durst thou look on me ?

(He endeavours to fly at his Son, Footmen hold him.)

Belf. Sen. Go strike your Dogs, and call them Names, you have nothing to do with me, I am of full Age ; and I thank Heaven, am gotten loose from your Yoak, don't think to put upon me, I'll be kept no longer like a *Prigster*, a silly *Country* *Put*, fit for nothing but to be a *Bubble*, a *Caravan*, or so.

Sir Will. A most perfect downright canting Rogue ; am I not your Father, Sirrah ? Sirrah, am I not ?

Belf. Sen. Yes, and Tenant for Life to my Estate in Tail, and I'll look to you, that you commit no Waste ; what-a-Pox, did you think to Nose me for ever, as the Saying is ? I am not so *dark* neither, I am *sharp*, *sharp* as a *Needle*, I can *smoak* now, as soon as another.

Sir Will. Let me come at him.

Cheat. So long as you forbear all Violence you are safe ; but if you strike here, we command the *Fryers*, and we will raise the *Posse*.

Sir Will. O Villain ! thou notorious undoer of young Heirs : And thou pernicious Wretch, thou art no part of me ; have I from thy first Swaddling nourish'd thee and bred thee up with Care.

Belf. Sen. Yes, with Care to keep your Money from me, and breed me in the greatest Ignorance, fit for your Slave, and not your Son : I had been finely *dark* if I had staid at home.

Sir Will. Were you not Educated like a Gentleman ?

Belf. Sen. No like a *Grafter* or a *Butcher* ; if I had staid in the Country, I had never seen such a *Nab*, a rum *Nab*, such a *modish Porker*, such spruce and neat Accoutrements ; here is a *Fattle* ? here's a *Famble*, and here's the *Cole*, the *Ready*, the *Rhino*, the *Darby* ; I have a lusty *Cod* Old *Prigg*, I'd have thee now, and am very *Rhinocercical* ; here are *Meggs* and *Smelts* good store, *Decusses* and *Georges*, the Land is Entail'd, and I will have my *Snack* of it while I am young, adad, I will, Hah ?

Sir Will. Some Mountain cover me, and hide my Shame for ever from the World ; did I not beget thee, Rogue ?

F

Belf.

Belf. Sen. What know I whether you did or not? But 'twas not to use me like a Slave, but I am sharp and smoaky, I had been purely bred, had I been rul'd by you, I should never have known these worthy ingenious Gentleman, my dear Friends, all this fine Language had been Heathen Greek to me, and I had ne'er been able to have cut a Sham or Banter while I had liv'd adad, odfookers, I know my self, and will have nothing to do with you.

Sir Will. I am astonish'd!

Belf. Sen. Shall my younger Brother keep his Coach and Equipage, and shine like a spruce Prigg, and I be your Bailly in the Country? Hi, *La Mar*; bid my Coach be ready at the Door. I'll make him know I am elder Brother, and I will have the better Liveries, and I am resolv'd to manage my *Natural*, my *pure Blowing*, my *Convenient*, my *Peculiar*, my *Tackle*, my *Pure*, *Pure*, as the rest of the young Gentlemen of the Town do.

Sir Will. A most confirm'd *Alsatian* Rogue! (*Aside*) Thou most ungracious Wretch to break from me, at such a time when I had provided a Wife for you, a pretty young Lady, with fifteen thousand Pound down, have settled a great Jointure upon her, and a large Estate in Present on you, the Writings all sealed, and nothing wanting but you, whom I had sent for out of the Country to marry her!

Belf. Sen. Very likely, that you, who have cudgel'd me from my Cradle, and made me your Slave, and grutch'd me a Crown in my Pocket, should do all this.

Cheat. Believe him not; there's not one Word of Truth in't. *Sham.* This is a Trick to get you in his Power.

Sir Will. The Writings are all at my Attorney's in the Temple; you may go with me, and see 'em all; and, if you will comply, I'll pardon what is past and marry you.

Belf. Sen. No, no, I am *sharp*, as I told you, and *smoaky*; you shall not put upon me, I understand your Shams: But to talk fairly in all Occurrences of this Nature, which either may, or may not be, according to the different Accidents which often intervene upon several Opportunities, from whence we may collect either Good or Bad, according to the Nature of the Things themselves; and forasmuch as whether they be Good or Bad concerns only the Understanding, so far forth as it employs its Faculties: Now since all this is premised, let us come to the Matter in Hand.

Sir Will. Prodigious Impudence! O Devil! I'll to my Lord Chief Justice, and with his Tipstaff I'll do your Business, Rogues, Dogs and Villains, I will. (*Exit in Fury*)

Cheat. This was bravely carry'd on.

Sham. Most admirably.

Belf. Sen. Ay, was't not? Don't I begin to *banter* pretty well, ha?

Cheat. Rarely: But a Word in Private, my *resplendent* Prig. You see your Father resolves to put some Trick upon you; be before-hand with him, and marry this Fortune I have prepared lose not Time but see her, and treat with her, if you like her, as soon as you can.

Belf. Sen. You are in the Right; let not my *Blowing* hear a Word; I'll to her instantly.

Cheat. Shamwel and I'll go and prepare her for a Visit; you know the Place.

Belf. Sen. I do, come along.——— (Exeunt.

Enter Cheatly, Shamwell, and Mrs. Termagant,
in her fine-Lodgings.

Cheat. Madam, you must carry your self somewhat stately, but courteously, to the Bubble.

Sham. Somewhat reserv'dly, and yet so as to give him hopes.

Term. I warrant you, let me alone, and if I effect this Business, you are the best Friends, such Friends as I could never yet expect: 'Twill be an exquisite Revenge.

Cheat. He comes! Come noble Elquire.

Enter Belfond Senior.

Madam this is the Gentleman whom I would recommend to your Ladyship's Favour, who is ambitious of kissing your Hand.

Belf. Sen. Yes, Madam, as Mr. Cheatly says, I am ambitious of kissing your Hand, and your Lip too, Madam; for I vow to Gad, Madam, there is not a Person in the World, Madam, has a greater honour for your Person; and, Madam, I assure you I am a Person———

Term. My good Friend, Mr. Cheatly, with whom I intrust the Management of my small Fortune———

Cheat. Small Fortune! Nay it is a large one———

Term. He's told me of your Family and Character; to your Name I am no Stranger, nor to your Estate, though this is the first time I have had the Honour to see your Person.

Belf. Sen. Hold, good Madam, the Honour lies on my Side: She's a rare Lady, ten times handsomer than my Blowing; (And here's a Lodging and Furniture for a Queen!) Madam, if your Ladyship please to accept of my Affection in an honourable Way, you shall find I am no *Putt*, no *Country Prigster*, nor shall ever Want the *Meggs*, the *Smelts*, *Decusses* and *Georges*, the *Ready*, and the *Rhino*: I am *Rhinocercical*.

Term. I want nothing Sir, Heaven be thanked.

Sham. Her worst Servants eat in Plate, and her Maids have all Silver Chamber-pots.

Belf. Sen. Madam, I beg your Pardon, I am somewhat Bow-

fy; I have been drinking Bumpers and Facers till I am almost clear: I have 3000*l.* a Year, and 2000 pounds-worth of Wood, which I can turn into Cole and Ready, and my Estate ne'er the worse; there's only the Incumbrance of an old Fellow, upon it and I shall break his Heart suddenly.

Term. This is a weighty Matter, and requires Advice: Nor is it a sudden Work to perswade my Heart to Love. I have my Choice of Fortunes.

Belf. Sen. Very like Madam: But Mr. *Cheatly* and my Cousin *Shamwell* can tell you that my Occasions require Hast, d'ye see? and therefore I desire you to resolve as soon as convenient you can.

(A Noise of a Tumult without, and blowing of a Horn.)

Cheat. What's this I hear?

Sham. They are up in the *Fryers*; pray Heaven the Sheriffs Officers be not come.

Cheat. S'life, 'tis so: shift for your selves; Squire let me conduct you—This is your wicked Father with Officers. *(Exit.)*

Cry without, The Tip-staff, an Arrest, an Arrest; and the Horn blows.

Enter Sir William, Belfond, and a Tip-staff, with the Constable and his Watch-men; and against them the Posse of the Fryers drawn up, Bankrupts hurrying to escape.

Sir Will. Are you mad to resist the Tip-staff, the King's Authority? *(They cry out, An Arrest. Several flock to 'em with all sorts of Weapons. Women with Fire-Forks, Spits, Paring-Shovels, &c.)*

Enter Cheatly, Shamwell, Belfond Sen. and Hackum.

Cheat. We are too strong for 'em: Stand your Ground.

Sir Will. We demand that same Squire, Cheatly, Shamwell, and Bully Hackum: Deliver them up, and all the rest of you are safe.

Hack. Not a Man.

Sir Will. Nay then have at you.

Tip-st. I charge you, in the King's Name, all to assist me. *(Rabble beat the Constable and the rest into the Temple. Tip-staff runs away. They take*

Rabble. Fall on.

Cheat. Come on thou wicked Author of this Broil. You are our Prisoner. *Sir William Prisoner.*

Sir Will. Let me go Rogue.

Sham. Now we have you in the Temple, we'll shew you the Pump first.

Sir Will. Dogs, Rogues, Villains.

Sham. To the Pump, to the Pump.

Hack. Pump him, pump him.

Belf. Sen. Ay, pump him, pump him, Old Prigg.
Rabble. Pump, Pump, to the Pump; Huzza!

*Enter Belfond Jun. Truman, and several Gentlemen,
Porter of the Temple, and Belfond's Footman.*

Belf. Jun. What's the Matter here?

Tru. The Rabble have catcht a Bailiff.

Belf. Jun. Death and Hell, 'tis my Father; 'tis a Gentleman,
my Father. Gentlemen, I beseech you lend me your Hands to
his Rescue.

Tru. Come on, Rascals; have
we caught you? Well make you
an Example.

Belf. Jun. Here! Where are the
Officers of the Temple? Porter, do
you shut the Gates into *White-Fryers*.

*(All draw and fall upon the
Rabble. Belfond Sen. runs
first away. The Templers
beat 'em and take Cheatly,
Shamwell and Hackum
Prisoners.)*

Porter. I will Sir.

Belf. Jun. Here's a Guinea among ye. See these three Rogues:
well pumpt, and let 'em go through the whole Course.

Cheat. Hold, hold, I am a Gentleman.

Sham. I am your Cousin.

Hack. Hold, hold, Scoundrels, I am a Captain.

Belf. Jun. Away with 'em.

Sir Will. Away with 'em. Dear Son, I am infinitely oblig'd
to you; I ask your Pardon for all that I have said against you:
I have wrong'd you.

Belf. Jun. Good Sir, reflect not on that; I am resolv'd, ere I
have done, to deserve your good Word.

Sir Will. 'Twas ill Fortune, we have mis'd my most ungra-
tious Rebel, that Monster of Villany.

Belf. Jun. Let me alone with him Sir, upon my Honour I will
deliver him safe this Night. But now let us see the Execution.

Sir Will. Dear Ned, you bring Tears into my Eyes. Let me
embrace thee my only Comfort now.

Belf. Jun. Good Sir, let's on and see the Justice of this Place.

Exeunt.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Cheatly, Shamwell, and Hackum.

Cheat. **O** Unmerciful Dogs! Were ever Gentlemen us'd thus before? I am drencht into a Quartan Ague.

Sham. My Limbs are stiff and numb'd all over; but where I am beaten and bruised, there I have some Sense left.

Hack. Dry Blows I could have born magnanimously; but to be made such a Sop of—— Besides, I have had the worst of it, by wearing my own Hair; to be shav'd all on one Side, and with a Lather made of Kennel-dirt, instead of a Wash-ball: I have lost half the best Head of Hair in the *Fryers*, and a Whisker, worth Fifty Pound in its Intrinsick Value to a Commander.

Cheat. Indeed your magnanimous Phyz is somewhat disfigur'd by it, Captain.

Sham. Your Military Countenance has lost much of its Ornament.

Hack. I am as disconsolate as a Bee that has lost his Sting; the other Moiety of Whisker must follow: Then all the Terror of my Face is gone; that Face that us'd to fright young Priggs into Submission. I shall now look but like an ordinary Man.

Cheat. We'll swinge these Rogues with Indictments for a Riot, and with Actions *Sans Nombre*.

Sham. What Reparation will that be? I am a Gentleman, and can never shew my Face amongst my Kindred more.

Cheat. We that can shew our Faces after what we have done, may well shew 'em after what we have suffer'd. Great Souls are above Ordinances, and never can be Slaves to Fame.

Hack. My Honour is tender and this one Affront will cost me at least five Murders.

Cheat. Let's not prate and shiver in cold Fits here, but call your Wife with the Cherry-Brandy, and let's ask after the Squire; if they have taken him, 'tis the worst Part of the Story.

Hack. No, I saw the Squire run into the *Fryers* at first. But I'll go fetch some Cherry-Brandy, and that will comfort us.

(Steps in for Brandy.)
Here's the Bottle, let's drink by Word of Mouth. *(Drinks.)*

Cheat. Your Cherry-Brandy is most sovereign and edifying.

(Cheatly drinks.)

Sham. Most exceeding comfortable after our *Temple-Pickling*.

(Drinks.)

(Cheat)

Cheat. A Fish has a damn'd Life on't. I shall have that Aver-
n to Water, after this—— that I shall scarce ever be cleanly
ough to wash my Face again.

Hack. Well, I'll to the Barbers and get my self shav'd; then
to the Squire and be new accouter'd. *(Exit Hackum.*

Cheat. Dear *Shamwell*, we must not for a little Affliction, for-
our main Business; our Caravan must be well manag'd: He
now drunk, and when he wakes, will be very fit to be mar-
d. Mrs. *Termagant* has given us a Judgment of 2000*l.* upon
at Condition.

Sham. The sooner we dispose of him, the better; for all his
ndred are bent to retrieve him; and the *Temple* joyning in
e War against us, will go near to be too hard for us; so that
e must make what we can of him immediately.

Cheat. If he should be once cool or irresolute, we have lost
n, and all our Hopes; but when we have sufficiently dipt
n, as we shall by this Marriage and her Judgment, he is our
n for ever.

Sham. But what shall we do for our *White-Fryers* Chaplain,
r *Alsatian* Divine? I was in Search of him before our late Mil-
rtune, and the Rogue is hol'd somewhere, I could not find him,
d we are undone without him.

Cheat. 'Tis true; pray go instantly and find him out; he
res not stir out of this Covert; beat it well all over for him,
ill find him tapp'd in some Ale-house, Bawdy-house, or
andy-shop.

Sham. He's a brave swinging Orthodox, and will marry any
uple at any Time; he defies License, and canonical Hours,
d all those foolish Ceremonies.

Cheat. Prithee look after him, while I go to prepare the Lady.

Sham. You Rogue, *Cheatly*, you have a loving Design upon
; you will go to the Twelve with the Squire: If you do, I
ll have my snack.

Cheat. Go, go, you are a Wag. *(Exeunt severally.*

Enter Ruth, Belfond Jun. and Truman at Scrapeall's House.

Ruth. She told her Tale so passionately, that *Isabella* believes
ery Word of it; and is resolv'd, as she says, never to see
e more.

Belf. Jun. Oh, this most malicious, and most infamous of her
; there is not the least Truth in her Accusation.

Tru. That to my Knowledge, he is not a Man of those Prin-
ces.

Ruth. I will send them to you, if I can; and in the mean time
upon the Watch.

Tru. Take this Writing with thee ; which is a Bond from us, to make good our Agreement with thee.

Ruth. 'Tis well, and still I doubt not to perform my part.

Belf. Jun. Was ever Man plagu'd with a Wench like me ? Well, say what they will, the Life of a Whore-Master is foolish, restless, anxious Life ; and there's an End of it. What can be done with this malicious Devil ? A Man cannot offer violence to a Woman.

Tru. Steal away her Child, and then you may awe her.

Belf. Jun. I have Emissaries abroad, to find out the Child ; but she'll sacrifice that, and all the World, to her Revenge.

Tru. You must Arrest her upon a Swinging Action, which cannot get Bail for, and keep her 'till she's humbled.

Enter Terefia:

Madam, I kiss your Hands.

Tere. You have done well, Mr. *Belfond* : Here has been a Lady, whom you have had a Child by, were Contracted to, and have deserted, for an Attorney's Daughter which you keep ; my Cousin says she will never see you more.

Belf. Jun. If this be true, Madam, I deserve never to see her more ; which wou'd be worse than Death to me.

Tere. I have prevail'd with her once more to see you, and hear what you can say to this : Come, come, out Cousin.

(Leads in Isabella)

Look you, Cousin, Mr. *Belfond* denies all this matter.

Isa. I never doubted that ; but certainly it is impossible to counterfeit so lively as she did.

Belf. Jun. Heaven is my Witness that her Accusation is false. I never was yet contracted to any Woman, nor made the least Promise, or gave any one the least Hope of it ; and if I do not demonstrate my Innocence to you, I will be content for ever to be debarr'd the Sight of you, more priz'd by me than Liberty or Life.

Isa. And yet perhaps these very Words were said to her.

Tru. Madam, you have not Time, if you value your own Liberty, to argue any longer : We will carry you to Sir *Edward Belfond's*, his Sister is his House-keeper, and there you may be entertain'd with Safety of your Honour.

Tere. He is esteem'd a worthy Gentleman ; nor cou'd we choose a better Guardian.

Isa. At least, how could you use a Woman ill, you had a Child by.

Belf. Jun. Not all the Malice of Mankind can equal hers. I have been frail, I must confess, as others ; and though I have provided for her and her Child, yet every Day she does me all the most outrageous Mischief she can possibly conceive ; but this touch'd me in the tenderest point.

Isa. 'Twould be much for my Honour to put my self into the Hands of a known Wencher.

Belf. Jun. Into the Hands of one, who has abandon'd all the thoughts of Vice and Folly for you.

Ter. Besides, Madam, you neither of you trust us ; your Governess is with you, and yet we are ready to make good our words by the Assistance of a Parson.

Ter. That's another point : But I am sure, Cousin, there is no dallying about our Liberty : If you be in Love with your self, stay ; I, for my part, am resolv'd to go.

Belf. Jun. My Unkle's a vertuous honourable Man ; my Aunt, his Sister, a Lady of great Piety ; think if you will not stay there, than with your Unkle, by whom you are sold for 5000*l.* to my Knowledge, to one who is the most debauch'd and dissolute Fellow this Day in London.

Ter. Liberty, Liberty, I say ; I'll trust my self, and my Governess.

Enter Ruth.

Ruth. Haste, and agree : Your Father has sent to have Supper ready in less than half an Hour.

Ter. Away, away ; I am ready ; Cousin, farewell.

Belf. Jun. For Heaven's sake, Madam, on my Knees I beg you to make use of this Occasion, or you have lost your self ; and I too shall for ever lose you for Marriage ; which alone can keep me from being the most miserable ; you may advise, and all things shall be clear'd up to your Wish.

Ter. Farewel, Dear Cousin ; let's kiss at parting.

Isa. Sure thou hast not the Conscience ; thou wilt not leave me ?

Ter. By my troth but I will.

Isa. By my troth but you shall not ; for I'll go with thee.

Belf. Jun. May all the Joys of Life for ever wait on you.

Ruth. Haste ! haste ! begon——

(Exeunt.)

Enter Sir William Belfond.

Sir Will. That I should live to this unhappy Age ! to see the fruit of all my Hopes thus blasted : How long, like Chymists

have I watch'd and toil'd ; and in the Minute when I expected to have seen Projection, all is flown up in Fumo.

Enter Sir Edward.

Brother ! I am aſham'd to look on you, my Diſappointment is ſo great. Oh this moſt wicked Recreant ! this perverſe and infamous Son.

Sir Edw. Brother, a Wiſe Man is never diſappointed. Ma Life is like a Game at Tables ; if at any time the Caſt you make ſhall need does not come up ; let that which comes inſtead of be mended by your Play.

Sir Will. How different have been our Fates ? I left the Pleaſures of the Town to Marry, which was no ſmall Bondage. I had Children, which brought more Care upon me ; for the Sakes I liv'd a ruſtick, painful, hard, ſevere and melancholy Life : Morofe, Inhospitable, ſparing even Neceſſaries ; Tenacious even to Gripping, for their Good : My Neighbours ſhun me, my Friends neglected me, my Children hate me, and wiſh my Death : Nay, this wicked Son, in whom I had ſet up my Reſt, and principally for whoſe Good I thus had liv'd, has now defeated all my Hopes.

Sir Edw. 'Twas your own Choice : You would not learn from others.

Sir Will. You have liv'd ever at Eaſe, indulg'd all Pleaſure and melted down your Time in daily Feaſts, and in continual Revels : Gentle, Complaiſant, Affable, and Liberal, at great Expence : The World ſpeaks well of you ; Mankind embrace you ; your Son loves you, and wiſhes your Life as much as he can do his own. But I'll perplex my ſelf no more : I look upon this Rascal as an Excrement, a Wen, or Gangren'd Limb, lopp'd off.

Sir Edw. Rather look on him as a Diſlocated one, and get him Set again : By this time you ſee, Severity will do nothing ; entice him back to you by Love. In ſhort give him his Liberty and a good Allowance : There now remains no other way to reclaim him ; for like a Stone-horſe broke in among the Mare, no Fence hereafter will contain him.

Sir Will. Brother, I look upon you as a true Friend, that would not inſult upon my Folly and Preſumption, and confeſs you are nearer to the right than I : Your Son I hope will be a Comfort to me.

Sir Edw. I doubt it not ; but conſider, if you do not reconcile your ſelf, and reclaim yours, as I tell you, you loſe off the paternal Eſtate, which is all Entail'd for ever from your Family.

By: For, in the Course he is, the Reversion will be gone in
our Life time?

Enter Belfond Jun. Truman, Isabella, Terefia, and Ruth.

Belf. Jun. Here are my Father and my Unkle : Mask your
eyes, Ladies ; you must not yet discover who you are.

Sir Edw. Yonder's *Ned*, and his Friend, with Ladies Mask'd :
Who shou'd they be ?

Sir Will. Whores, Whores, what shou'd they be else ? Here's
Comfortable sight again ! He is incorrigible.

Sir Edw. 'Tis you that are incorrigible : How ready are you
with your Censures !

Belf. Jun. Sir, pardon the Freedom I use with you ; I hum-
bly desire Protection for these Ladies in your House : They are
Women of Honour, I do assure you, and desire to be Conceal'd
for some small time ; an Hour hence I will discover all to you,
and you will then approve of what I do.

Sir Edw. Dear *Ned*, I will trust thy Honour ; and without
any Examination, do as you would have me.

Sir Will. Why, Brother, what a Pox, will you Pimp for
your Son ? What a Devil, will you make your House a Bawdy
House ?

Sir Edw. What, will the Must never be gotten out of your
old Vessel ? Ladies, be pleas'd to Honour my House ; and be
assur'd, that while you are there, 'tis yours.

(He waits on the Ladies, and Ruth.)

Belf. Jun. Sir, my Friend and I are just now going to do you
service : I'll pawn my Life to you, Sir, I will retrieve your
Rebel Son, and immediately restore him to you, and bring him,
as he ought to come, on's Knees, with a full Submission.

Sir Will. You will oblige me : Thou gain'st upon me hourly,
and I begin to love thee more and more.

Belf. Jun. There's nothing in the World I aim at now but
your Love ; and I will be bold to say, I shortly will deserve it :
But this Business requires Haste, for I have laid every Thing
ready ; 'tis almost Bed-time ; come Friend.

Ex. with Truman.

Sir Will. Well, I'll say that for him, he is a good Natur'd
Boy ; it makes me weep, to think how harsh I have been to
him. I'll in to my Brothers, and expect the Event. *(Exit.)*

Enter Belfond Sen. Shamwell, and Hackum.

Obent. I value not Misfortune, so as I have my dear Friend
still within my Arms.

Sham.

Sham. My dear, dear Cousin ! I will hug thee close to me
I fear'd to have lost thee.

Belf. Sen. How happy am I in the truest, the dearest Friend
that ever Man enjoy'd ! Well, I was so afflicted for you, I was
forc'd to make my self Devilish Bowditch to comfort me.

Cheat. Your Brother has heard of this great Match you
towards : She has to my Knowledge, (for I do all her Law
Business for her) 1500 *l.* a Year Jointure, and Ten Thousand
pound in Plate, Money, and Jewels ; and this damn'd Envious
Brother of yours will break it off, if you make not haste and
prevent him.

Belf. Sen. My dear Friends, you are in the right : Never
Man met with such before. I'll disappoint the Rogue my Brother,
and the old Prig my Father ; adad, I'll do't instantly.

Cheat. Come, Squire, haste : Captain, do you follow us.

Exeunt

Scene Changes to Mrs. Termagant's fine Lodgings.

Enter Belfond Senior, Cheatly, Shamwell, Hackum, Parson
Mrs. Termagant and her Servants.

Cheat. Madam, the Time admits of no longer Deliberation
If you take not this Opportunity, my Friend here will be
visited from us.

Belf. Sen. Ay, Madam, if you take me not now, you will
lose me Madam, you will consider what you do.

Term. Well, Mr. Cheatly, you dispose of me as you please :
I have ever been guided by your wise Advice.

Sham. Come, Parson, do your Office ; have you your Book
about ye ?

Parf. What, do you think I am without the Tools of my
Trade ?

Cheat. Can't you come presently to the joyning of Hands
and leave out the rest of the Formalities.

Parf. Ay, ay : Come, stand forth.

Belf. Sen. and Mrs. Termagant stand forth

Enter Belf. Jun. Truman, Constable, Serjeant, Musketeers.

Belf. Jun. Here they are : Seize them all.

Cheat. Hell and Damnation ! We are all undone.

Belf. Sen. Hands off ; let me alone : I am going to be Mar-
ry'd. You envious Rascal to come just in the Nick.

Belf. Jun. Brother be satisfy'd, there's nothing but Honour
meant to you ; 'tis for your Service.

Term.

Term. Oh this accursed Wretch, to come in this unlucky Minute, and ruine all my Fortune.

Belf. Sen. She has fifteen hundred a Year Joynture, and ten thousand pound in Money, &c. and I had been Marry'd to her in three Minutes.

Belf. Jun. You have scap'd the worst of Ruins: Resist not; for if you do, you shall be carry'd by Head and Heels. Your Father will receive you, and be kind, and give you as good an Allowance as ever I had.

Sham. Where's your Warrant?

Const. 'Tis here, from my Lord Chief Justice.

Belf. Jun. Let me see your Bride that was to be. Oh Mrs. Termagant! Oh Horror! Horror! What a Ruine have you scap'd! This was my Mistress, and still maintain'd by me: I have a Child by her three Years old.

Term. Impudent Villain! How dare you lye so basely?

Belf. Jun. By Heav'n 'tis true.

Term. I never saw him in my Life before.

Belf. Jun. Yes, often, to my Plague. Brother, if I do not prove this, to you, believe me not in ought I e'er shall say.

(Termagant goes to stab at Belfond Jun.
Truman lays hold on her.

Tru. Belfond, look to your self.

Belf. Jun. Ha! Disarm her. This is another Show of her good Nature. Brother, give me your Hand, I'll wait on you; and you will thank me for your Deliverance.

Tru. I am assur'd you will: You are deliver'd from the most infamous and destructive Villains, that ever yet took Sanctuary here.

Belf. Jun. And from two Mischiefs you must have for ever sunk under, Incest and Beggary. Those three are only in the Warrant with my Brother; him I'll wait upon, bring you the rest. Hey! The Cry is up; but we are provided.

(A great Noise in the Streets, and the Horn blowing; an Arrest; an Arrest.

Cheat. Undone, undone, all's lost!

Sham. Ruin'd; for ever lost!

Hack. I am surpriz'd, and cannot fight my Way through.

Belf. Sen. What, are all these Rogues? and that a Whore? and am I cheated!

Belf. Jun. Ev'n so; come along; make ready Musketeers. Do you take care of my Brother, and conduct him with the rest to my Unkle's House: I must go before, and carry my little Mistress to make up the Business with her Father.

Tru. I'll do it, I warrant you.

Serjeant. We are ready.

(Exeunt all but Mrs. Termagant)

Term. Oh Vile Misfortune ! had he but staid six Minutes, I had Crown'd all my Revenge with one brave Act, in Marrying of his Brother, Well, I have one piece of Vengeance which I will Execute, or perish : Besides I'll have his Blood, and then I'll dye contented.

Scene the Street.

Enter Belfond Junior, Cheatly, Shamwell, Hackum, Truman, Constable, Serjeant, Guards.

Tru. What do all these Rabble here ?

Const. Fire amongst 'em.

Serj. Present.

The Debtors run up and down, some without their Breeches, others without their Coats ; some out of Balconies ; some crying out, Oars, Oars, Sculler, five pound for a Boat, ten pound for a Boat, twenty pound for a Boat. The Inhabitants all come out arm'd as before ; but as soon as they see the Musqueteers they run, and every one shifts for himself.

Tru. Hey how they run !

Exeunt.

Enter in Sir Edward's House Sir Edward Belfond, and Attorney.

Sir Edw. This is the Time I appointed my Son to bring your Daughter hither : The Witness is a most malicious lying Wench, and can never have Credit. Besides, you know an Action will sufficiently stop her Mouth ; for, were it true, she can never prove what she says.

Attor. You say right, Sir ; next to her being innocent, is the concealing of her Shame.

Enter Belfond. Jun. and Lucia.

Luc. And can I live to hear my fatal Sentence of parting with you ? Hold Heart a little.

Belf. Jun. It is with some Convulsions I am torn from you ; but I must Marry, I cannot help it.

Luc. And must I never see you more ?

Belf. Jun. As a Lover, never ; but your Friend I'll be while I have Breath.

Luc.

Luc. to her self. Heart, do not swell so. This has awakened me, and made me see my Crime : Oh, that it had been sooner !

Belf. Jun. Sir, I beg a thousand pardons, that I shou'd attempt to injure your Family, for it has gone no farther yet : For any Fact, she's innocent ; but 'twas no Thanks to me, I am not so. (If a Lie be ever lawful, 'tis in this Case.) *(aside.)*

Sir Edw. Come, pretty Lady, let me present you to your Father : Tho' as my Son says, she's innocent ; yet, because his Love had gone so far, I present her with 1500 *l.* my Son and you shall be Trustees for her : To Morrow you shall have the Money.

Belf. Jun. You are the best of all Mankind.

Attor. All the World speaks your Praises justly.

Luc. A thousand Thanks, Sir, for your Bounty : And if my Father please to pardon me this Slip, in which I was so far from Fact, that I had scarce Intention : I will hereafter outlive the stricter Nun.

Attor. Rise : I do pardon you.

Sir Edw. That's well : And if they be not kind to you, appeal to me. It will be fit for you to go from hence with the least Notice that can be : To Morrow I'll bring the Money. Who are the Ladies you have entrusted me with, Ned ?

(Ex. Attor. and Luc.)

Belf. Jun. *Scrapeall's* Neice and Daughter ! The Neice my Father was to give 5000 *l.* for, for his Son : If you will give me Leave, I shall Marry her for nothing ; and the other will take my Friend——

Sir Ed. How Ned ! She's a Puritan ?

Belf. Jun. No more than you, Sir : She was bred otherwise, but was fain to comply for Peace ; she is Beautiful, and Witty to a Miracle ; and I beg your Consent, for I will die before I Marry without it.

Sir Edw. Dear Ned, thou hast it ; but what hast thou done with the *Alsations* ?

Belf. Jun. I have the Rogues in Custody, and my Brother too ; whom I rescu'd in the very Minute he was going to be Marry'd to a Whore, to my Whore who plagues me continually. I see my Father coming, pray prepare him, while I prepare my Brother for a Meeting with him ; he shall not see me.

(Exit.)

Enter

Enter Sir William Belfond.

Sir Will. Your Servant Brother : No News of *Ned* yet ?

Sir Edw. Oh, yes ; he has your Son, and the three Rogues in Custody, and will bring 'em hither : Brother, pray resolve not to lose a Son ; but use him kindly, and forgive him.

Sir Will. I will, Brother : And let him spend what he will, I'll come up to *London*, Feast and Revel, and never take a Minutes Care while I breathe again.

Enter a Servant to Sir Edward.

Servant. Sir, a young Gentleman would speak with you!

Sir Edw. Bid him come in.

Enter Mrs. Termagant in May's Cloaths.

Term. If you be *Sir Edward Belfond*, I come to tell you, what concerns your Honour, and my Love.

Sir Edw. I am he.

Term. Know then, Sir, I am inform'd your Brother, *Sir William Belfond's* Son, is to Marry *Isabella* the Niece of Mr. *Scrapeall*.

Sir Edw. What then Sir ?

Term. Then he invades my Right, I have been many Months Contracted to her, and as you are a Man of Honour, I must tell you, we have seal'd that Contract with mutual Enjoyments.

Sir Will. How ! What was my Son to Marry a Whore ? I'll to this Damn'd Fellow instantly, and make him give up my Articles.

Sir Edw. Have Patience ; be not too rash.

Sir Will. Patience ! What, to have my Son Marry a Whore !

Sir Edw. Look you Brother, you must stay a Moment.

Enter Belfond Jun.

Sir Will. Oh *Ned*, your Brother has scap'd a fine Match : This same *Isabella* is Contracted to, and has been Enjoy'd by this Gentleman, as he calls it : He had like to have Marry'd a Whore.

Belf. Jun. Yes, that he had ; but I will cut the Throat of him that affirms that of *Isabella*.

Term. Sir, I demand the Protection of your House.

Sir Edw. Hold, Son.

Term.

Term. What Devil sent him hither at this time? (*aside.*)

Belf. Jun. I'll bring 'em to Confront this Rogue, what a Devil's this? Have we another Brother of that Devil *Termagant's* here?

(*Exit.*)

Sir Edw. This is a very odd Story.

Sir Will. Let me go, Brother; 'tis true enough. But what makes *Ned* concern'd?

Sir Edw. Let us examine yet farther.

Enter Belfond Jun. with Isabella, Terefia, and Ruth, and Truman.

Sir Will. Look, here they are all: How the Devil comes this about?

Term. O Madam, are you here! I claim your Contract, which I suppose, will not offend you.

Isa. What means this Impudent Fellow? I ne'er saw his Face before.

Term. Yes Madam, you have seen, and more than seen me often since we were Contracted.

Isab. What Instrument of Villany is this?

Term. Nay, if you deny: Friends come in.

Enter two Alsatian Affidavit Men.

Friends, do you know this Gentlewoman:

1. *Witness.* Yes, she is Mr. *Scrapeall's* Niece.

2. *Witness.* We were both Witnesses to a Contract of Marriage between you two.

Isa. Oh Impious Wretches! What Conspiracy is this?

Sir Will. Can any thing be more plain? They seem Civil, Grave, Substantial Men.

Belf. Jun. Hold, hold, have I found ye? 'Tis she, it could be no other Devil but her self. (*He pulls off her Peruke.*)

Sir Will. A Woman!

Sir Edw. Secure those Witnesses.

Belf. Jun. A Woman! No: She has out-shin'd her Sex, and is a Devil. Oh Devil, most compleat Devil! This is the Lady I have been so much of late oblig'd to.

Isa. This is she that told us the fine Story to Day.

Tere. I know her Face again: Most infamous lying Creature!

Term. I am become desperate: Have at thee.

(*She snaps a Pistol at Belfond, which only flashes in the Pan, the Ladies shriek.*)

Belf.

The Squire of ALSATIA.

Belf. Jun. Thank you Madam; are not you a Devil? 'Twas loaden, 'twas well meant truly. *(Takes the Pistol from her.)*

Sir Edw. Lay hold on her; I'll send her to a Place where she shall be tam'd, I never yet heard of such Malice.

Sir Will. Dear *Ned*, thou hast so oblig'd me, thou melt'st my Heart; that thou should'st steal away those Ladies, and save me 5000 *l.* Now, I hope, Madam, my Son *Tim* shall be your Husband without Bargain and Sale.

Isab. No; I can assure you, Sir, I wou'd never have perform'd that Bargain of my Unkles; we had determin'd to dispose of our selves before that, and now are more resolv'd.

Tere. We have broken Prison, by the help of these Gentlemen, and I think we must e'en take the Authors of our Liberty.

Isab. Will not that be a little hard Cousin, to take their Liberty from them, who have given it to us?

Sir Will. Well, I am disappointed; but cannot blame thee, *Ned.* *(Truman goes to Terefia.)*

Enter Belfond Sen.

Sir Edw. Your Son; pray use him kindly.

Belf. Sen. I have been betray'd, cheated, and abus'd: Upon my Knees I beg your Pardon, and never will offend you more; adad, I will not. I thought they had been the honestest, the finest Gentlemen in *England*, and it seems they are Rogues, Cheats, and Blockheads.

Sir Will. Rise *Tim*, I profess thou makest me weep, thou hast subdu'd me; I forgive thee, I see all human Care is vain, I will allow thee 500 *l.* a Year, and come, and live with Ease and Pleasure here; I'll feast, and revel, and wear my self with Pain and Care no more.

Belf. Sen. A thousand Thanks: I'll ne'er displease you while I live agen; adad I wont. Here's an Alteration; I ne'er had good Word from him before.

Sir Will. I would have marry'd you to that pretty Lady: But your Brother has been too hard for you.

Belf. Sen. She's very pretty; but 'tis no Matter. I am in no such haste, but I can stay and see the World first.

Sir Edw. Welcome dear Nephew, to my House and me; and now my dear Son be free, and before all this Company let me know all the Incumbrances you have upon you.

Belf. Jun. That good natur'd Lady is the only one that's heavy upon me, I have her Child in my Possession, which she says, is mine.

Term. Has he my Child; then I am undone for ever—Oh curs'd Misfortune!

Sir Edw. Look you Madam, I will settle an Annuity of 100 l. Year upon you so long as you shall not disturb my Son: And your Child, I'll breed her up and provide for her like a Gentlewoman: But if you are not quiet you shall never see her more.
Tere. You speak like a noble Gentleman: I'll strive to content my self. I am at last subdu'd, but will not stay to see the triumphs.—
(Exit hastily.)

Sir Edw. Well, dear Ned, dost owe any Money?

Belf. Jun. No, my dear Father, no; you have been too bountiful for that; I have five hundred Guineas in my Cabinet.

Sir Edw. Now Madam, if you please to accept him for a Husband, I will settle fifteen hundred Pound a Year on him in present, which shall be your Jointure. Besides that, your own Money shall be laid out in Land and settled on you too. And my Death the rest of my Estate.

Isab. You do me too much Honour, you much out-bid my Love.

Belf. Jun. You best of Fathers, and of all Mankind, I throw myself thus at your Feet; let me embrace your Knees, and kiss these Hands.

Sir Edw. Come rise, and kiss these Hands.

Belf. Jun. A long Farewel to all the Vanity and Lewdness of Youth: I offer my self at your Feet as a Sacrifice without a Blessing now!

Isab. Rise, I beseech you, rise.

Tere. Your Offers, Sir, are better much than I could expect I can deserve.

Tru. That's impossible: The Wealth of both the Indies could not buy you from me I am sure.

Ruth. Come, come, I have been Governess, I know their Hands. Come give your Hands where you have given your Hearts. Here Friend Truman, first take this.

Tere. My Governess will have it so.

Sir Edw. Joy Sir, be ever with you: Please to make my House your own.

Isab. How can I be secure you will not fall to your old Courses again?

Belf. Jun. I have been so sincere in my Confessions, you may assist me; but I call Heaven to Witness, I will hereafter be entirely yours. I look on Marriage as the most solemn Vow a Man can make; and 'tis by Consequence, the basest Perjury to break.

Ruth. Come, come, I know your Mind too; take him, take him.

Isab. If Fate will have it so.

Belf. Jun. Let me receive this Blessing on my Knees.

Isab

Isab. You are very devout of late.

Sir Edw. A thousand Blessings on you both.

Sir Will. Perpetual Happiness attend you both.

Belf. Sen. Brother and Madam! I wish you Joy from Heart, adad I do: Tho' between you and I Brother, I intend to have my Swing at Whoring, and drinking, as you had, fore I come to it.

Sir Edw. Here! Bring in these Rogues!

The Constable brings in Cheatly, Shamwell and Hacktum.

Come Rascals, I shall take a Care to see Examples made of you.
Cheat. We have substantial Bail.

Sir Edw. I'll see it shall be substantial Bail; it is my Lord Chief Justices Warrant, returnable to none but him: But I will prosecute you I assure you.

Cheat. Squire, dear Squire.

Hack. Good noble Squire speak for us.

Sham. Dear Cousin!

Belf. Sen. Oh Rogues! Cousin, you have cousin'd me; you made a *Putt*, a *Caravan*, a *Bubble* of me: I gave a Judgment for 1600 *l.* and had but 250. But there's some Goods they told of; but if e'er I be catch'd again I'll be hang'd.

Sir Will. Unconscionable Villains! The Chancery shall relieve us.

Sir Edw. I'll Rout this Knot of most pernicious Knaves, for a the Priviledge of your Place. Was ever such Impudence suffer'd in a Government? *Ireland's* conquer'd, *Wales* subdu'd, *Scotland* united: But there are some few Spots of Ground in *London* just in the Face of the Government, unconquer'd yet, that hold in Rebellion still. Methinks 'tis strange, that Places so near the King's Palace should be no Parts of his Dominions: 'Tis a Shame to the Societies of Law to Countenance such Practices: Should any Place be shut against the King's Writ or *Posse Comitatus* Take them away and those two Witnesses.

The Constable and Witnesses
hailes them away

Belf. Sen. Away with 'em, Rogues! Rascals, damn'd Priggs.

Sir Edw. Come Ladies, I have sent for some Neighbours to rejoyce with us. We have Fiddles: Let's dance a brisk round or two, and then we'll make a Collation.

In the Flourish before the Dance enter Scrapeall.

Scrape. Oh Sir William, I am undone ruin'd: The Birds are flown. Read the Note they left behind 'em.

Sir Will. Peace, they are dancing, they have dispos'd of them.
res.

Scrape. Oh Seed of Serpents! Am I cheated then? I'll try a
from I im
had, ck of Law, you Froggs of the bottomless Pit, I will and ia-
ntly— What dancing too? Then they are fallen indeed.

They dance. (Exit Scrapeall hastily.)

Sir Edw. Come Brother, now who has been in the Right,
n or I?

Sir Will. You have: Prithee do not triumph.

ktm. Belf. Jun. Farewel for ever all the Vices of the Age:

of yo There is no Peace but in a virtuous Life,
ny L Nor lasting Joy but in a tender Wife.

at I w Sir Edw. You that would breed your Children well, by Kind-
e. nefs and Liberality endear 'em to you: And teach 'em by Exam-
e.

Severity spoils ten, for one it mends:

ne; y If you'd not have your Sons desire your Ends,

dgma By Gentleness and Bounty make those Sons your Friends. }
ey u (Exeunt Omnes.)

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EPILOGUE. Spoken by Mrs. Mountfort.

YE mighty Scourers of these narrow Seas,
 Who suffer not a Bark to sail in Peace,
 But with your Tire of Culverins ye roar,
 Bring 'em by th' Lee, and rummidge all their Store;
 Our Poet duck'd, and look'd as if half dead,
 At every Shot that whistled o'er his Head.
 Frequent Engagements ne'er could make him bold,
 He sneak'd into a Corner of the Hold.
 Since he submits, pray ease him of his Fear,
 And with a joynt Applause bid him appear, }
 Good Criticks don't insult and domineer.
 He fears not Sparks, who with brisk Dress and Meen,
 Come not to hear or see but to be seen.
 Each prunes himself, and with a languishing Eye,
 Designs to kill a Lady by the by.
 Let each fantastick ugly Beau and Shape, }
 Little of Man, and very much of Ape,
 Admire himself, and let the Poet scape. }
 Ladies, Your Anger most he apprehends,
 And is grown past the Age of making Friends }
 Of any of the Sex whom he offends.
 No Princess frowns, no Hero rants and whines,
 Nor is weak Sense embroyder'd with strong Lines:
 No Battles, Trumpets, Drums, not any dye; }
 No mortal Wounds, to please your Cruelty; }
 Who like not any Thing but Tragedy.
 With fond unnatural Extravagancies,
 Stolen from the silly Authors of Romances.
 Let such the Chamber-maids Diversion be,
 Pray be you reconcil'd to Comedy.
 For when we make you merry, you must own
 You are much prettier than when you frown.
 With charming Smiles you use to conquer still,
 The melancholly Look's not apt to kill.
 Our Poet begs you who adorn this Sphere, }
 This shining Circle, will not be severe, }
 Here no Chit Chat, here no Tea Tables are. }
 The Cant he hopes will not be long unknown,
 'Tis almost grown the Language of the Town.
 For Fops, who feel a wretched Want of Wit,
 Still set up something that may pass for it.
 He begs that you will often grace his Play,
 And lets you know Monday's his visiting Day.

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Sawney the Scot.

She wou'd and she wou'd not.

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